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Wavelength (September 1984)

Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE

Wavelength

ISSUE NO.47

SEPTEMBER 1984

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Wavelength

ISSUE NO.47 • SEPTEMBER 1984

"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."

—Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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Sept. 12 Ellyna Tatum's Second Liners
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Sept. 14 Bandido Latin Band

2ND WEEK DUNCAN PLAZA

- Sept. 17 Raymond A. Myles Singers
Sept. 18 Woodenhead
Sept. 19 Gospel Express
Sept. 20 Original Dixieland Jazz Band
Sept. 21 Beausoleil
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THE ADVENTURES OF RECORD RON by K.KING





Red Rockers join the circus.

Schizophrenic Rockers

From a lonely motel room in Arizona, Red Rockers bassist/spokesman Darren Hill called in mid-August to report that the band's third album, *Schizophrenic Circus*, would be in the nation's record stores by the time you read this. The Rockers spent most of August touring the Southwest with the Go-Go's and preceding their own year-long worldwide tour (which will include the band's first European and Japanese appearances), the Red Rockers plan a series of American dates with Ireland's U2. Except for the part about Barry McGuire probably being a burned-out acidhead, this is the bulk of what Comrade Hill had to say:

On the new album: "I think it's as much of a change from the last album as the last one was from the first one. We got a really big sound on this one, a lot bigger than on the other ones. For producers, we used Rick Chertoff (Cyndi Lauper, Scandal) and Bill Whitman (Dylan, Springsteen, Pink Floyd). Between the two of them, we got a really good sound, a really tough sound."

"We recorded it in New York at the Record Plant. It was the first time we actually got to spend a lot of time in the studio and to be a little creative with it. We were in there for about three months. The last album was done in two weeks

and the one before that was done in about two days. So it was quite an experience for us."

The Big Sound: "A lot of it has to do with microphone placement. We used about three mikes on the snare, in different positions. Then it's all in the mix after that. These guys really know what they're doing when it comes to drums. We used a really big room at the Record Plant, too. That has a lot to do with the drum sound. It's a really hard room—all wood."

On re-recording "Eve of Destruction," Barry McGuire's 1965 Number One hit: "Well, we were just sitting around the studio and we needed to do another song. Originally, it was just going to be a B-side for a single. We recorded tons of songs—Beatles songs, Dylan songs. 'Eve of Destruction' just came out the best so we spent a lot of time working on it. When we got done, it turned out better than anything else on the album. We did kind of a Byrds arrangement of it. It was real interesting because [vocalist] John [Griffith] had never even heard the song before."

"We were afraid of actually doing it because we didn't know what people thought of it back then—if it was a real serious record to people or if they kind of laughed it off. The words are still pretty relevant today and we changed a lot of the verses—re-wrote new words for it."

The album title: "It's taken from a line in one of our songs—it

summed up what we thought about the world at the moment. You wouldn't believe how much grief CBS gave us about it. I think they just couldn't spell it. They didn't think it was good."

"We did an unusual album cover shoot and CBS didn't like that, either. We did a double-sided album cover. We set up a circus scene—an 1800's-type circus—on a beach on Staten Island. We did one shot where we were in these really weird-looking antique circus costumes."

Then on the other side, it's the same shot—only we're standing there in regular clothes. One shot is upside-down so that when you flip the album, you can't tell which side is the front and which is the back. CBS is doing it but we had a battle with them over it."

The future: "We're really looking forward to this year. I think this is going to be the year. I feel really confident about this album."

Shawn Paddock, the new guitarist: "He was a friend of ours from Algiers. We all grew up in the same neighborhood. He was playing guitar long before we even thought about playing so when we got rid of James [Singletary], Shawn was the logical choice for the replacement."

Message to New Orleans: "I don't know. It's been so long since we've been back there, I wonder if people remember us."

—Bunny Matthews

Normally Acoustic

David Normal, formerly of the Normals and known to family and loved ones as David Brewton, played a recent comeback gig at—you guessed it—The Penny Post. No slamdancers were to be seen, however, amidst the fluttering candles, incense, and scattered pillows. David played an acoustic set (no electric guitars are allowed on the premises) of some of his favorite '60s songs as well as many of the Normals' greats, such as "Around the Downtown" and "Philosophy." Joining him for a bit of harmonizing was ex-Normal Chris Lockett and friends Vance DeGeneres, Kevin Radecker, and Rick Polizzi.

Mr. Normal has recently returned to music after a somewhat extended Sabbatical to contemplate religious mysteries and explore a normal kind of life. As for the future, the Normals are not getting back together but David is releasing a 45 in September and a new band is on the drawing board.

—Allison Brandin

Europe Goes To War

Even though 1984 has been a banner year for the European R&B album manufacturers, next year looks to be even better. The year 1985 could see a "war" between the big independents: Ace, Charly, Demon-Edsel, Flyright and Pathe Marconi.

Ace Records prexy Ted Carroll recently visited these shores and left with a parcel of sides from the American Ace label Starday, Dixie, Crazy Cajun, Teardrop and Modern, that are destined for reissue early next year. He also began negotiations for material on the Jin, Swallow and Instant labels that could well be available in 1985 as well.

Charly on the other hand is finishing up its excellent Sun records reissue program and hopes to have a three-lp, Sun Blues Box in the shops sometime early next year. They are also packaging up Eddie Shuler's Goldband sides (22 albums' worth!) and are in the process of compiling many of the classic Atlantic and Vee Jay sides into 16-track lps. So start looking for those great Jimmy Hughes and Wilson Pickett to appear soon.

Meanwhile, Flyright is continuing to unearth classic South Louisiana material from J.D. Miller's vaults, with hopes that the original Excello sides will soon be available for repackaging.

It looks like 1985 will be great for the record collector but hard on the bank account.

—Almost Slim

25-Foot Long Boudin!!

Second to Mardi Gras as a major celebration in the state is Festivals Acadiens, a comprehensive carnifest happening in Lafayette during the weekend of September 15-16. Good Rockin' Dopsie and the Cajun Twisters will help kick off this year's festivities at the Downtown Reawakening Street Dance and Fais Do Do on Friday September 14 from 4:30 til 8 p.m. More than 75,000 are expected in the Hub City to celebrate important aspects of Cajun culture. Below is a brief description of each event; for more information, call Beverly Corbell at 232-3737:

Girard Park is the setting for over eight hours of Cajun music on both Saturday and Sunday. The music segment of the festival, dedicated this year to young musicians who have helped further Cajun music as an expression of Cajun culture, will celebrate its tenth anniversary with such bands as Rockin' Dopsie and the Twisters, Beausoleil, Hadley Castille and the Cajun Brass, Wayne Toups and the Crowley Aces, File, Bourre, Belton Richard, and Dewey Balfa and the Balfa Brotherhood. And according to music chairman Barry Ancelet,



Festivals Acadiens: 75,000 Cajuns and would-be Cajuns.

"This is not the complete line-up; we're still working on some key people, a group from Quebec for one."

The Jaycees Acadiana Fair and Trade Show will open the festival proper on September 13 with nothing less than the cutting of a

25-foot link of boudin!

The highlight of this year's Native Crafts Festival, held as usual at the Lafayette Natural History Museum, should be the exhibit, "Travailler C'est Trop Dur: The Tools of Cajun Music."

From 11:00 til 6 p.m. on

Saturday and Sunday at the Lafayette Municipal Auditorium, the Bayou Food Fest will offer the mouth-watering cuisine of over 30 local restaurants, caterers and area chefs. A \$5 admission charge includes \$3 in food tickets

—Les White



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GOLDEN MOMENTS

ALMOST SLIM

Take Off Your Shoes

"Everybody get on your feet,
You make me nervous when
you're in your seat."

Of course everyone from Dryades Street to Canal Boulevard remembers Robert Parker singing that phrase in the summer of 1966 in his "Barefootin'." Previous to the hit, Parker was best known as a journeyman saxophonist who was in retrospect perhaps best known for his work with Professor Longhair. Parker's record on the NOLA label brought bright lights to the local record industry during the mid-Sixties, as it went to number two in the national R&B charts and 37 in the pop charts. Parker followed with a small hit "Tip-Toe," and a fine Otis Redding-influenced LP (of course entitled *Barefootin'*) which has



Robert Parker.

become a real collector's item. Robert doesn't perform too much these days, preferring to save himself for special occasions like the Jazz Fest and other selective engagements.

—Almost Slim

RHYTHMATIC

GENE SCARAMUZZO

Bush League

The casual listener to African pop might not be aware that records are being made in South Africa. South African musicians are subject to so many recording and performing restrictions under apartheid rule that any recording efforts by them can be viewed as an expression or resistance against the government, yet recording is going on. A few of these records are making it to the States. Although the handful that have reached New Orleans record stores haven't made much of a splash, a recent release should do more than any other to introduce the South African sound in this country. The album is *Techno-Bush* by South African trumpet flugelhorn player Hugh Masakela. Recorded in Gabonone, Botswana, this is Masakela's first roots record, featuring South African musicians playing South African music. Predominant on the album is a style called mbaqanga, a jerky, bass heavy sound that begs for the state-of-the-art production techniques it is given on this recording. The mbaqanga style was created around the 1940s when South African musicians began to combine their zulu rhythms with the jazz music that was becoming so popular. Mbaqanga can be played with a rock group lineup: guitar, bass, organ and trap drums. Unlike the other African music that we've heard in New Orleans (Sonny Okosun's funk/highlife/ozziddi sound and King Sunny Ade's smooth,

rhythmic juju music), the mbaqanga sound is not rhythmically complex; in fact, the drummer does little more than keep the beat. The bass player is the one who really jumps, layering on one of the melody lines as well as syncopation while the guitar player does pretty much the same thing in a higher register. The jerkiness of the music is prettied up a bit by full chords on the organ and by the vocalists' rich harmonies.

On *Techno-Bush*, in addition to the mbaqanga cuts, the band goes through other rhythms and styles as well, from a high energy medley called "The Seven Riffs of Africa" to a multiple influenced, infectious tune called "Getting Fat in Africa." Those who are familiar with Masakela's two earlier attempts at African roots music with a Ghanaian band called Hedzolle Soundz have been eagerly awaiting more, and this new album, with the exception of a couple of throw away cuts, lives up to expectations. Masakela persuaded the record label, Jive, to set up a mobile recording studio on the outskirts of Gabarone, allowing one of the first high quality recordings of mbaqanga to be made, and hopefully also acting as a catalyst for further recordings by the local musicians. The band on *Techno-Bush* was drawn from the cream of the crop of South African musicians, including some members of the Soul Brothers, a South African band able to sell 250,000 copies of its records. The one musician on the album not from South Africa is Gaspar Lawal, the excellent percussionist from Nigeria who plays various hand drums on the album.

The details of Masakela's career show him leaving South Africa shortly after the Sharpsville massacre in 1961. Pursuing a jazz career, he moved further and further away from home, but Vegas type resort located in lost his ties to the homeland. He spoke out against apartheid at every opportunity during the Sixties and Seventies, although he seems to have mellowed a bit now, at least verbally. In an article recently in *New Musical Express*, Masakela expressed his feelings on the U.N.'s cultural boycott of South Africa. "Why should the pressure be on artists alone, just

really that it makes no difference . . . nobody really gives a shit about South Africa so long as they're making money out of it."

Due to the restricted rights of blacks in South Africa, recording sessions must be arranged at times when there are no conflicts with curfews, work schedules, etc. Obviously, this isn't conducive to stimulating a booming recording industry, and consequently there are few records being made in South Africa that are available here in the U.S., especially New Orleans.

Presently in many record stores around town is an interesting anthology entitled *Rhythms of Resistance*, a soundtrack album released by Shanachie. Quite a few bands are featured on this disc, representing many different South African musical styles. Those who want to hear more mbaqanga sounds can listen to the tracks on this album by the Mahotella Queens and Abafana Baseqhudeneni. Another easily available album featuring all mbaqanga is an Earthworks release called *Zulu Jive-Umbaqanga*, another compilation featuring several different groups. Recording quality is excellent on this one, and it would make a good follow-up for anyone whose interest in mbaqanga is raised by the Masakela album. *Music From Soweto* is a raw, but interesting compilation that shows up occasionally around town, also. Recorded in 1982, this one is a mixture of kicking instrumentals and rich acappella vocal songs, "Jane" and "Indoda" by the New Lucky Boys stand out especially.

The Caribbean Show recommendations for this month are hard to find but well worth the search. A soca/highlife cut by Jewel Ackah and the Spiritual Train Express called "Epitipiti" is really a great dance tune in an Afro-Caribbean style. And a disco-ish highlife cut by Orchestra Jazira will have you singing along to the English lyrics of their hit called "Sakabo." Both records are available through mail order African record shops. □



South African warriors, circa 1895.

because of their high visibility? I say a stand should be made, but by everybody. From the boycott point of view, you hope it will have an effect, but how the hell can it have an effect when Sun City [a Los Vegas type resort in Bophuthatswana] can buy anybody? I really can't decide for people. In the end it has to be South Africans who win this battle. South Africa would have to attack the world like Hitler did for the world to do anything about apartheid. It bores me to even think about it, because I know



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Keen Teen Scene

Finding the pulse of the New Orleans music scene gets more and more difficult with each passing new band. Fresh, new blood is in demand but rarely survives the perpetual circulation and the leaches. The club owners complain that they don't make money. Local musicians don't make money period. Radio and record companies can't take very many risks with the money they do have, and they're hog-tied to safe-bets. The marketplace continues to dwindle and fewer people are spending their hard-earned paychecks on entertainment. Without even daring to claim to be able to put the brakes on a vicious cycle, take into consideration, if you will, a viable and valuable untapped resource with the healthiest of corpses, The Teenagers.

Teenagers are perhaps the minority the music business has neglected in its search for profits. However, in the months to come, I predict the New Orleans teenage society will come of age... with their own choices of music and entertainment that will change the course of our rapidly declining industry. Teenagers are once again strutting their identity with the re-emergence of the Teen Club.

Karin Berg, director, East Coast A & R for Warner Brothers, suggested back in December of 1982 in an article called "The Live Music Antedote" published in *Musician* magazine that "Until the center of gravity shifts again to live performances, we can't develop a new audience for American popular music. The excitement of music and, more importantly, the excitement of discovering that music, is in first seeing and hearing it live." Throughout her article, which ran in conjunction with one called "The Failure of Corporate Rock," she stressed the importance of the younger audience, the kids, and pointed to society's lack of developing that ever-present and potent element. Kids today "seem to concentrate on the musically predictable bands that come out of the arena circuit and show little inclination to explore the possibilities offered by some of the more progressive musicians and recording artists in the U.S.... the audience for newer forms of music is much older, while the younger audience, i.e., teenagers, largely seem to be musically conservative." Why? "The only place for those under drinking age to go to hear music is the stadium or arena. Small wonder their favorite bands are Kiss, Journey, Foreigner, Styx, etc. [1984 update: Quiet Riot, Def



Typical teens: 'It's our own little world.'

Leppard] those are the only bands they're permitted to see live... If I were fifteen or sixteen, I don't know how much I'd care about an artist I couldn't see until I 'grew up'."

Ms. Berg went on to reflect on the New York and Los Angeles coffee houses and live music clubs of the Sixties (the Gaslight, the Bitter End, the Troubadour) that did not serve liquor, and subsequently did not place an age limit on its patrons—so anyone could see a live band. For one reason or another (perhaps the selling out of those clubs to attract the supposedly more lucrative nightclub crowd?) this era vanished. In a candid telephone conversation, Karin Berg confided that she believes "what we have succeeded in doing is to deny social activity to adolescents and particularly in the area of music, a culture which belongs to them, the only thing they can call their own. We underestimate the quality of taste of teenagers in music and if we don't pay attention to the quality of our music it's going to decline." She seemed genuinely pleased with the news that New Orleans has its own teen clubs on the rise and indicated that they are even more important now with the proposed raising of the drinking age.

Presently, there are three teen clubs, that I know of, two of them have opened within a month of each other—June 1 and August 1. The most established teen club, Rando's, opened in Chalmette last October in a small shopping center on Judge Perez. It's run by what the patrons (the kids) call "the Rando family." The owners are Anne Perigoni and Pete Rando who know practically all their customers on a first-name basis. The principles in charge exude wholesomeness... an owner's mother, "Mia" to everyone, sits at the door collecting money and directing traffic. It didn't take much to get the kids into the club. Anne and Pete spread the publicity while on the job... Anne is a computer science teacher at an area middle school and Pete is a school bus driver. Talk about having rapport with the clients!

At one time 'Rando's' operated as a real bar, and the club still reflects the earlier business operation; the U-shaped bar and stools are still there along with the dance floor and live d.j.'s and mirror ball. Rando's is not in the best of shape inside, but the kids certainly don't mind and take a great deal of pride in having their own place. The shopping center that houses Rando's seems to belong to the kids, too. The theatre, the pizza restaurant, the ice cream parlor... the kids are the ones who support them. Literally, it's their own little world.

Best of all, local bands have already successfully performed to the delight of the owners and patrons. Perigoni is planning to continue this practice of giving what she dubbed "their own private concerts." She went into vivid description of the local heavy metal band Deus Vult and concluded that "kids want to see a show." The Chalmette cable company, Group W, filmed the concert for their small market cable channel. In turn, the band presented the club with a plaque of appreciation to hang over the bar.

The eighteen-year old proprietor of Kenner's premier teen night spot Chaze's Place, Charlie Gandolfi, Jr., fresh from the cap-and-gown routine at Brother Martin High, "I'm one of them." spot Chaze's Palace, admits "I'm one of them." Charlie Gandolfi, Jr., fresh from the cap-and-gown routine at Brother Martin High was featured as a "businessman's bynamo" in an article by James but the brains first settled on emotion.

Chaze's Palace on Veterans Highway has been open since June 1 and has been building momentum ever since. Gandolfi gained a good reputation as a party organizer while still in high school by throwing parties that invited and catered to entire high schools! What he did was make it his business to continue with the fun and games after he'd graduated... and build more experience and capitol for his future in whatever venture he'll consider after college. Chaze's Palace has a fresh, new

interior. The building used to be the Aquarius Spa but has been renovated and updated with track lighting, a great sound system, pool tables that are always free of charge, video games, two dance floors, a balcony... and a bar. The "bar" serves non-alcoholic mock drinks like Hurricanes, Triple By-Pass, Margueritas, and Orange Anti-Freeze that are a diabetic's delight... all extremely sweet.

Here again at Chaze's is an avenue for live music. Chaze's has featured a couple of local bands already... they'd just played host to Eclipse the weekend prior to my visit and were gearing up for Force of Habit for the upcoming Sunday, and the kids flock to the concerts. During the summer, Chaze's is open every night of the week until 11 pm and there are weekly contests such as male and female swim suit competitions, dance contests, pool tournaments (also featured at Rando's), blue jeans contests and various "radical events." For all practical purposes Chaze's seems to be following in the footsteps of the real bars. However, as the Quiet Riot anthem blared over the sound system and everyone sang in unison "We're not gonna take it... anymore," it was evident that it's still a teen community that's taking shape.

And encompassing the entire area... a trip to the West Bank's Oasis teen club; "The Oasis" is located on Belle Chasse Highway and is a development that's a real gusher for the kids. It was created "because the kids have no where to go," as club manager Chip Moorehead said. Housed in a retired restaurant, The Oasis seems to be the largest of the three clubs mentioned, and it's been packed every weekend since it opened on August 2. Outside, the parking lot is policed by the real thing... who love the club because it keeps the kids off the street.

Inside, The Oasis offers a lot of space for dancing, a live d.j., a small game room, some junk food... and a nice low-lights area with tables and chairs where the kids can relax, eat, or just talk. Chip mentioned that the club offers the kids "a place where they can have an adult-ish evening... if anything the club is training them to act like adults and accept adult responsibilities." "Responsibilities" include making money. "Kids are finding ways they can make money to come here... doing odd jobs," et cetera.

Moorehead informed me that "there are kids coming down here from Empire... because there just is no where for them to go."

The Oasis is just getting started, but Moorehead indicated that there would be school dances coming up... perhaps with bñads.

The Teen Club... the next frontier?

Salem Spirit

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On Tour ...

After returning from some dates in Germany in mid-August, **Greg Kihn** and his band have been traveling to various cities in the USA to support his ninth album, *Kihntagious*. Videos for his songs "Reunited" and "Worst That Could Happen" are getting healthy airplay on MTV, laying the groundwork for live shows.

In the Studio ...

Frank Sinatra is at the Village Recorders in West Hollywood, CA recording tracks for a forthcoming album which is being produced by **Quincy Jones**. **Elliott Scheiner** is engineering, with assistance from **Cliff Jones**. Two jazz greats are also at the studio. **George Benson** is in with producer **Russ Titleman** and **Jean-Luc Ponty** is cutting tracks for his new record. **Gary Ladinsky** is engineering the Benson project and **Peter Kelsey** the Ponty record. **Jay Willis** is assistant engineer for both. Ace producer **Mike Chapman** is also at the Village recording **Holly Knight**. **Manhattan Transfer** have their own self-produced project underway. Work is also being done on a **Marvin Gaye** live album. It is being produced by **Harvey Fuqua** and engineered by **Steve Hirsch**. **Herbie Hancock** was at Manhattan's Evergreen recording recently, working on his new CBS project. **Material** stalwart **Bill Laswell** was in the producer's chair and **Rob Stevens** engineered. Stevens also worked with **Lottie Golden** and **Richard Scher** on a special remix of **Nina Hagen's** single "Zarah". **Tom Scott** is the composer and producer of some music for the Showtime production of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Scott is recording the soundtrack at Hollywood's Rusk Sound. The studio also hosted dj **Russ Parr** who was mixing a scratch rap single for Uncle Jam and Polygram artists **Darwin**, who were recording with engineer **Gabe Veltri**. Studio owner **Ganapati** is engineering an EP for local favorites **Zeron** and **Jan Rooney** — yes, Mickey's wife — is doing some recording with engineer **Chuck Britz**. The Plant Studios in San Francisco has **Survivor** recording their forthcoming LP for Scotti Brothers Records. **Ron Nevison** is producing and engineering with assistant **Kevin Eddy**. Meanwhile Nth Degree Video (the people re-

sponsible for the **Jefferson Starship's** "No Way Out" clip) are preparing tracks for three separate video projects for the **Stick Band**, **Babatunde** and **Addie**. The producers involved are **Mark Springer** and **Wayne Wallace**, along with engineers **Karl Derfler** and **Rick Sanchez**.

Top of the Charts

No.	Albums	Singles
1	Born in the USA Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)	"When Doves Cry" Prince (Warner Bros.)
2	Heartbeat City The Cars (Elektra)	"Ghostbusters" Ray Parker Jr. (Arista)
3	No Breaks John Waite (EMI)	"State of Shock" Jacksons (Epic)
4	Signs of Life Billy Squier (Capitol)	"Stuck on You" Lionel Richie (Motown)
5	Warrior Scandal (Columbia)	"Sad Songs" Elton John (Geffen)
6	Purple Rain Prince (Warner Bros.)	"What's Love Got to Do with It" Tina Turner (Capitol)
7	Sports Huey Lewis & The News (Chrysalis)	"I Can Dream About You" Dan Hartman (MCA)
8	Nuclear Furniture Jefferson Starship (RCA)	"Panama" Van Halen (Warner Bros.)
9	Lights Out Peter Wolf (EMI)	"Infatuation" Rod Stewart (Warner Bros.)
10	The All Nighter Glenn Frey (MCA)	"If This Is It" Huey Lewis & The News (Chrysalis)

Courtesy of The Gavin Report, a national radio music trade journal.

Personal Favorites

Texas guitarist **Stevie Ray Vaughn** picks his five favorite albums: 1. *Blues Power*, **Albert King**; 2. *Change My Ways*, **Howlin' Wolf**; 3. *The Boss Album*, **Jimmy Smith** and **George Benson**; 4. *In the Wee Small Hours*, **Wes Montgomery**; 5. *A Man and His Blues*, **Buddy Guy**.

Critic's Choice

Iain Blair on David Gilmour Beyond Pink Floyd

Best known for his work with the reclusive supergroup, Pink Floyd guitarist **David Gilmour** has stepped into the limelight with his first solo tour. And given that band's almost obsessive attention to sound and experimentation with the cutting edge of recording techniques and electronics, it was no surprise to find Gilmour's post-Floyd efforts to be much along the same lines — high on high-tech, and low on personality. With a stage set that emphasized dramatic lighting, and backed by a band of stellar musicians, Gilmour served up a variety of songs and instrumentals that centered on his impressionistic yet forceful guitar work, while showcasing state-of-the-art aural effects.

Much of the material, from his first solo album and the recent "About Face" LP, consisted of fairly predictable Floyd-type grooves, slow and earnest. And in keeping with his heritage, Gilmour maintained a low profile for most of the evening, only occasionally venturing out for a guitar solo or extended jam/spar-ing match with second guitarist **Mick Ralphs**. Consequently, the leap into the audience by sax-wielding **Raphael Ravenscroft** probably elicited the biggest cheer of the evening next to the predict-

able roar that greeted an inspired version of Floyd's "Money." The band, which also featured **Chris Slade** on drums, **Mickey Feat** on bass, **Greg Dechart** on keyboards and **Jodi Linscott** on percussion, sounded impressive all night, and particularly so on an extended version of "Blue Light" that featured an exciting drum/percussion battle between Slade and Linscott. An enjoyable, if uneventful, evening from an artist who, obviously knowing his limitations, has wisely decided to concentrate on his very evident strengths as a guitarist.

Hottest Videos

New videos added to WTBS' "Night Tracks":

- "Dancing in the Dark" **Bruce Springsteen** (Columbia)
- "Go Insane" **Lindsey Buckingham** (Elektra-Asylum)
- "Dynamite" **Jermaine Jackson** (Arista)
- "When You Close Your Eyes" **Night Ranger** (MCA)
- "I Can Dream About You" **Dan Hartman** (MCA)
- "Let's Go Crazy" **Prince & The New Power Generation** (Warner Bros.)
- "If This Is It" **Huey Lewis & The News** (Chrysalis)
- "Missing You" **John Waite** (EMI)
- "Sexy Girl" **Glenn Frey** (MCA)
- "Sunglasses At Night" **Corey Hart** (EMI)
- "Leave a Tender Moment Alone" **Billy Joel** (Columbia)
- "What's Love Got to Do with It" **Tina Turner** (Capitol)
- "I'm Free" **Kenny Loggins** (Columbia)
- "Cruel Summer" **Bananarama** (Polygram)
- "We're Not Gonna Take It" **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
- "Round & Round" **Ratt** (Atlantic)
- "The More You Live, the More You Love" **A Flock of Seagulls** (Arista)
- "Back Where I Started" **Box of Frogs** (Epic)
- "Sound of the Rain" **Rank & File** (Slash)
- "Mind My Have Still I" **What Is This** (MCA)



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DINETTE SET

BUNNY MATTHEWS

Frankly Indulgent

In the five years since his arrival from Texas, Frank Bailey has established (with partner Liz Page) two successful restaurants (Indulgence and the Creole Bistro, also formerly known as Indulgence), masterminded a catering business (Indulgence Caterers) and written a weekly food column in the *Times-Picayune's Dixie* magazine that is perhaps the most widely-read culinary feature in Louisiana. The main thing he misses when he's away from New Orleans, says Bailey, is our strong coffee. Over several cups of same one August morning, Bailey discussed food, culture and blood.

Did you start cooking when you were a boy?

No, I was in college and suddenly realized that I liked food that was a whole lot better than what I could afford to buy. I realized that I could afford to go to the grocery store and buy the raw materials and put them together the way I really wanted them to be.

I had cooked a little bit but not much. I wasn't that interested in cooking—I was just real interested in eating—and eating in dormitories and fraternity houses just didn't quite do what I wanted it to. So I got Julia Child and *The Joy of Cooking* and started playing with it. Then I decided I really liked cooking because I really liked eating.

At the time, I enjoyed drinking wine and that was *real* weird. People would drink Swizzle and that was about it. Swizzle was a pop wine—I guess it was the first pop wine. It was a fizzy, grapey, purple thing—it was disgusting. When I cooked dinner, I would get a bottle of what I thought was nice wine—just good dry dinner wine.

I started cooking and studying the subject, reading everything I could get my hands on and traveling and talking my way into kitchens—asking how they did this and that. I traveled through Mexico, Europe, the United States, Canada—all over. I worked with a chef one winter in New Mexico at a ski resort. I'd ski in the day and work with him at night. He was a European-trained, very accomplished chef. I learned some classic techniques from him, took what I knew and made a more disciplined talent out of it. I continued to work in kitchens and continued to study material and tried to learn as much as I could about as many different types of cooking as was possible, tried to forge my own ideas of what cooking ought to be.

I ended up in the restaurant business 12 years ago in Dallas, at

a restaurant that still exists (the Grape). I was the chef for a couple of years and then I sold it to my partners and started writing for *D* magazine and *Texas Monthly*, then the *Times-Picayune*. I continue to write for different people, cook and study the subject. I really enjoy it. If I'm not cooking, I'm eating and if I'm not eating, I'm thinking about what I'm going to cook or eat. I love to travel and what do I do then? I eat.

Do you like writing about it?

I like *having* written about it—I don't know anybody who really likes to write. The physical act of writing sends me up a wall. It's just a hard thing to do because you've got to sign your name to it and you want it to be right. I continue to do it so there must be something that pushes me but I don't feel particularly driven. Once I finish an article, I'm glad I did it and I hope that it will stand on its merits as something that's informative or beneficial to somebody besides me.

Your column always makes me want to cook whatever you've written about...

Well, that's the thrust—if it doesn't do that, then it isn't successful. I'm writing for a very large group of people who have varying levels of expertise or interest in food. If I can get a percentage of those people to the kitchen to do things, then I've succeeded. That's what I want to do. I want to create interest in food. I want people to enjoy food and to get the things out of food that I do. Cooking's a very pleasant thing to do in the kitchen, a real evocative thing. The smells, the feels and the textures of food are real comforting, I think.

Once food gets past fuel to keep the organism going, then it becomes part of culture. Those aspects of it fascinate me. I like to try to tie all that sort of thing in and make food appealing to people reading about it, eating it and cooking it.

Do you get much feedback from your readers?

Yeah, I do. I get a lot of people who come in the restaurant who say, "I read your article and that looked good. How do you do that? Is this one of the dishes that you put in the newspaper?" They always accuse me of keeping secrets and I always deny it. Cooking, the way I do it, is basically real straight-forward. I write about straight-forward things. I try not to get into real esoteric things because that's going to turn people off. If I were writing in *Gourmet* magazine, I'd slant it differently and maybe do some things that I don't do in a Sunday rotogravure situation. But for the most part, the types of food that I like to eat and that I like to cook are pretty straight-forward—taking the best, freshest ingredients you can and cooking them simply, saucing them—if you're going to—with something that's

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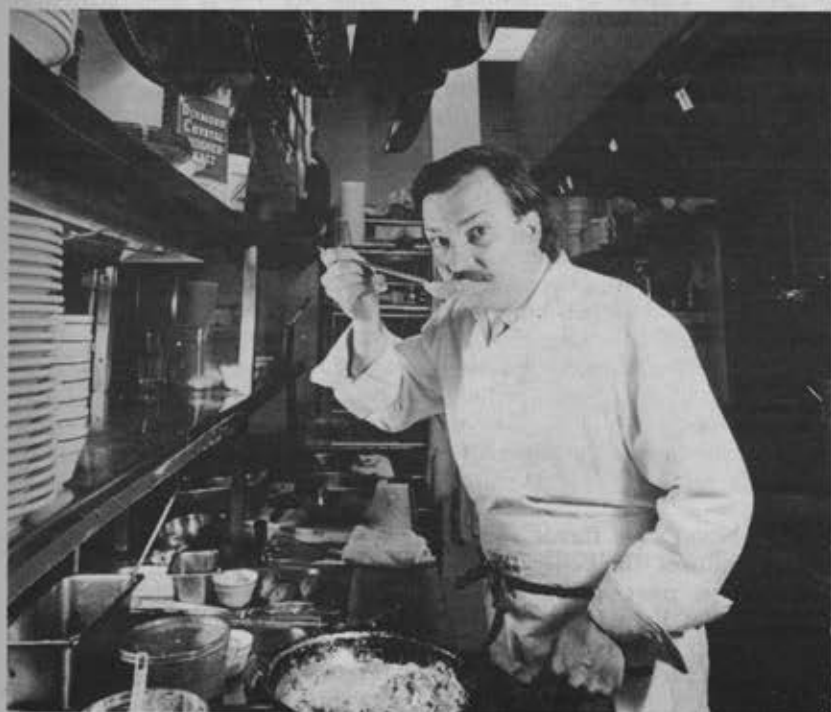
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For Listings that really tell you something Wavelength

The most complete guide
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DIANA ROSENBERG

Frank Bailey: 'If I'm not cooking, I'm eating and if I'm not eating, I'm thinking about what I'm going to cook or eat.'

complimentary. Serve it in the proper condition and get going.

When you were a kid in Texas, was your mother a good cook?

We ate well. I didn't know until I got away from home how well we in fact ate when I was growing up. We had a maid who was a good cook, my mother was a good cook. At the time, it was unusual in that we drank wine with meals on special occasions—we weren't so European that we had wine everyday. I found that other people in Texas didn't drink wine at meals—you had a bourbon-and-branch-water or two before dinner and that was it. You drank iced tea or water with the meal.

I began to see that there were more ways to go at food than just playing the hand that was dealt you. And I'm still finding that out all the time.

I have a real good relationship with Nicholls State University and I went down there this summer to do lectures on cuisine and culture, specifically Louisiana food and culture and how they effect each other. It was a summer professional improvement program for teachers from Lafourche and Terrebonne parishes. There were about 100 people in each class and there were three classes: one in Central Lafourche, one in South Terrebonne and one at Nicholls State in Thibodaux. Everybody brought a dish to the last class. I gave a little lecture and then we all ate this food and visited.

In the course of a week, I ate 300 home-cooked Cajun dishes. That's where these folks are from, that's what they are and that was part of the thrust of the lectures. I thought that was unique to be able to taste 300 home-cooked dishes from an isolated culture in a short time. The differences were amazing to

me. I found that things that people brought from Central Lafourche were different from what they brought in South Terrebonne and it's not 35 miles apart. The seasonings were different, the types of things they put together were different.

You read in national magazines about Creole-Cajun cooking—they just lump it all together. Not only is there not a Creole-Cajun but there are different ideas and different variations of Creole and Cajun. The things you eat in Mamou or Ville Platte will be much different from the things you eat in Galliano or Houma.

How many other states have such diversity?

Not many have as vivid a culture but because America grew the way it did, there's more diversity than you think. In Texas, you just think it's Tex-Mex food and barbecue but it doesn't work that way. There's one little town in central Texas that's Alsatian. All the people who are there came from Alsace 150 years ago. There's a couple of different German settlements, all in the central Texas area. The Latin influence is tremendous. Barbecue in east Texas is much different from barbecue in central Texas.

Are there some unknown Louisiana dishes out there?

Sure. There's lots of them. Tasso is a big deal now. The reason that tasso's big is because Paul Prudhomme started using it and uses the tasso as it's made around Opelousas, where he grew up. Tasso is different in different places. Down in South Terrebonne, they used to make a *tasso poisson*—a dried-fish tasso. You get things like that which people either don't know about or have forgotten.



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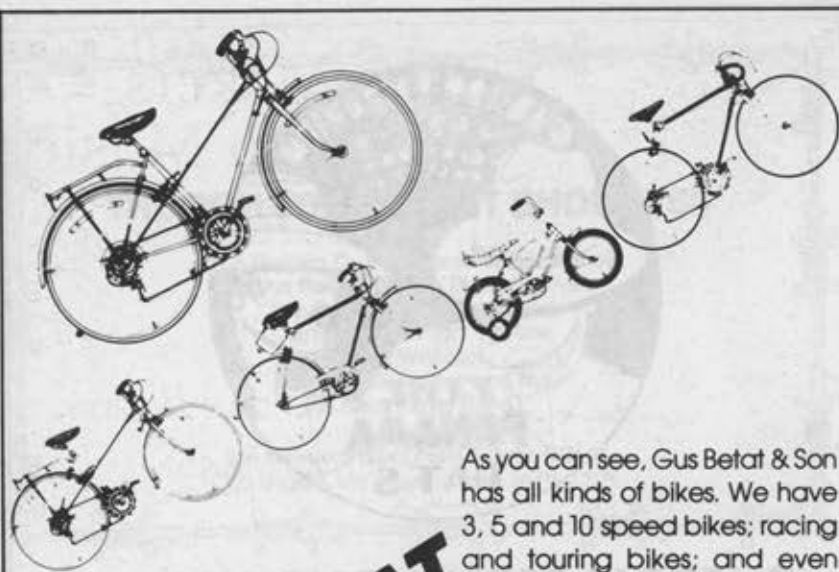
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Boudin is rice dressing with pork but there's also a *boudin rouge* that's closer to the French *boudin*. It's only made in homes for the most part because it's made with blood. To make things with blood for retail sales, you have to have tremendous supervision from the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Most people can't afford to have a USDA inspector to deal with it and to do all the things that they require. There are temperature variations—you have to bring it up and then bring it down. Blood's volatile. So you don't see much *boudin rouge*.

What's so great about eating blood?

Well, blood's got flavor and it's also a natural thickener. Blood sausage is part of a lot of cultures—the French, the Italian, the German, the Spanish—even in England, in blood pudding. Blood is the classic thickener for certain stews, like rabbit and hare preparations.

Would you like to do a cookbook now?

Yes, I certainly would. I have, in effect, over the last several years, written most of a cookbook—certainly the recipe portions—and I'd like to put those into book form so everybody doesn't have to keep saving all those *Dixies*, although they like to. It's nice because they can have my recipes on one side of the page and they can flip over and see *Vic and Nat*'ly.

Do you go out to eat a lot?

I don't have time really. Restaurant people are supportive of each other—we go to each other's places as much as we can but it's really hard. I've got Sundays off—that's it.

It seems like we're having quite a renaissance of restaurants in New Orleans.

Sure. Absolutely—and good quality. There's a lot of good ones and that means that the next ones that come in will be good, too, because they'll be afraid not to be good because they won't succeed. Location's very important but people in New Orleans will drive a little further to get something that's good.

It also seems that the new restaurants are much more adventurous than the traditional New Orleans places.

Well, we're thinking more about what we're doing. You can't just say, "People expect to have trout *Meuniere* so let's go fry some trout." We don't do that. If somebody wants trout *Meuniere*, you can get some great trout *Meuniere* in places that have been doing it for a long time. There's no reason to open another place like that.

You can't open a new place to compete with the places that have been here for a hundred years. Why would somebody go to a brand new restaurant for trout *Meuniere* when they can go get

trout *Meuniere* as prepared by Galatoire's, Arnaud's or Antoine's? Those are comfortable, neat old places with great ambience. You can't just build one of those. It has to develop.

People are looking for more food experiences and I think the marketplace will have to provide them with that, as well as the old experiences.

Do you eat po-boys?

If I'm going to get one, I'll generally go down to Parasol's because it's close but I don't eat sandwiches very often. I'm never in a hurry when I eat. I'd rather not eat than eat in a hurry because I want something more out of the eating experience than just food.

What's the origin of the name Indulgence? It doesn't have anything to do with Catholicism, does it?

No, I was having lunch with my lawyer—one of those Galatoire's lunches where you eat for a couple of hours. We were talking about setting up the corporation to do the catering and he was taking down the information. As lunch came to an end and we were finishing with a *demitasse*, he said, "Okay, this is great—we've got everything we need except a name. What are you going to call it?" I looked around Galatoire's and the people were attractive and we were feeling no pain and it had been a very lovely experience and I just said, "Call the son of a bitch Indulgence."

DINETTE'S BEST BETS

A random sampling of diners was asked to recall the best thing they'd had to eat during the last month:

Marty Schwartz, architect: "The *paella* I had in Barcelona—it had sausage, chicken, beef and shrimp and, as a friend pointed out, jambalaya is a sort of poor man's *paella*. By the way, in the Spanish McDonald's, they now have *McPollo*."

Margaret Orr, TV personality: "The best thing I tasted during the last month was Eggs Bayou City, which Marc Farchil of the Sheraton cooked one morning on *The Breakfast Edition* and I later cooked at home. It's a crawfish patty with a poached egg and crawfish sauce. I also love the cereal I have every day—shredded wheat, granola and fresh fruit."

Bruce Gold, magician: "Aside from the dinner my girlfriend cooked for me, I was very impressed with the chicken Rene, the blackened redfish, the stuffed mushrooms and the coconut shrimp appetizer at Copeland's."

Diana Dees, public relations woman: "Redfish *en brochette* at Bouligny."

Carlos Boll, philosopher: "Ceviche and Camarones a la Plancha at Las Mananitas in Cuernavaca, Mexico." □



James Brown brings it up.

Important Imports

Hi boys and girls! You wonder what I been up to? "How come no speakee, Zekee?" Well, I was with a medicine show for a while, but I'm cured of that now. But let's not quibble about the past, it's disappearing fast. And before the entire culture totally disposes of itself, let's see what moments of shallacked pleasure we can cling to.

The most satisfying LP I've come across in some time is *Cidade Coracao* (Brazilian EMI 31C 064 422 929) by the brilliant Brazilian multi-instrumentalist Egberto Gismonti. Those familiar with his more meditative and austere American recordings on the ECM label will be blown out by the verve and festiveness of this LP.

One selection seques in to the next (one side is "Day" the other is "Night"), each cut offering a different mood and character, from the floozy "Dancin' Piazzolla" to the wistful "Ruth" (shades of Nino Rota!). In addition, Egberto is trying his hand at electronic keyboards and he's putting out some remarkable sounds. Hard to get this one off my turntable.

Polydor's been releasing volume after volume in the neverending story of James Brown. My favorite is *Ain't That A Groove* (821 231 1Y1), which covers the years 1966 to '69. And what a groove it is! You got your "Don't Be a Dropout" (echoes of late Fifties N'Awlins 45's!). You got your big band grooves: "Bring It Up" and the title track. And you also got some hard-to-find humongous funk-ups like "Licking Stick" and "I Can't Stand Myself," the latter which features an all-white band. This is low-lead stuff. This is the high octane. Bernie Odum's bass line in "Get It Together" is so funky, it defies you to get it together.

The long-awaited solo album by David Sylvian, *Brilliant Trees* (Virgin LTD-V2290), is a real

treat. Sylvian spearheaded his group Japan through the most refreshing synth-funk to come out of Britain in the early Eighties. "Pulling Punches" and "Red Guitar" harken back to the funk of his former group. The remainder of the album displays a more subtle, jazzy touch, utilizing acoustic guitar, trumpet, even double-bass on one cut.

Finally, there's some live albums of interest lapping up on these shores via England. Just out over here is *Such A Night* (Spindrift 107) by our own physician-rarely-in-residence, Dr. John. This LP, recorded live in London, catches doc solo and doc backed by the irrepressible Brit group, Diz and the Doormen. Don't be dismayed by the familiarity of the song titles: the good doctor has souped up the arrangements, de-ranged the lyrics, and generally rejuvenated the songs with his special humor and energy. "Juncó Partner" and "Tipitina" are standout tracks.

Meanwhile, *Live At The Grand Opera House Belfast* (Mercury MERL 36) features Van Morrison with the big group who helped him on last year's *Inarticulate Speech* LP. While I would have loved to hear this spectacular group cut loose on some of Van's earlier material, what they do to his recent stuff is amazing, adding a vibrancy and luster missing from the original versions. This is a monster ensemble, from the soaring voices of the female chorus' handling of the melodic chores in portions of the old standard "It's All In The Game," to Pee Wee Ellis' riveting solo on "Haunts," to the excellent work of the rhythm section throughout (how does bassist David Hayes slip and slide around the bottom and yet remain so ON?) As always, I'm deeply in awe of Van's passion. Check out the picture of the Belfast Opera House on the album's cover. Now, couldn't you get down in a building like that?

I just noticed: almost all of the above records are imports. Does that tell you anything?



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Text by BARRY JEAN ANCELET
Photographs by ELEMORE MORGAN, JR.
Foreword by RALPH RINZLER

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A.J. CARUSO, AGE 16, JUNIOR AT JOHN CURTIS HIGH.

What we love about the band . . . it's the power and the high screams and the guitars. It's nothing that you'd get in Culture Club, it's nothing that you'd want to go to sleep to. No dancing, just head banging.

Steve the guitarist is our favorite, He's great, a great guy, and a great guitar teacher. [About the makeup the band wears:] They may look like girls on stage but not when they're just walking around, like new wave groups. We go see them as often as possible. We may be underage, but we find a way. We all want to be heavy metal guitarists . . . they call us heavy metal punks. Our favorite songs are "Rebirth," "Try to Stop Me Now," and "Axe Attack." We've seen 'em in Biloxi, and when they opened for Zebra and Night Ranger. Steve is the greatest guitarist in the world; watch out Eddie Van Halen! [On Satanic worship:] All the heavy metal bands go through it, we used to curse 'em out about it but now we know it's just a blow-over thing . . . just a stage device. They just do it for attention. If they really seriously believed in it they wouldn't make such a big deal out of it.

Keith: Dickie took about 145 pictures of the band, AJ took about three rolls of 24 and I only took one roll. It's hard enough to pay for all this stuff I'm wearing.

A lot of girls come, and they're like only 13 or 14 but they look 18 or 19. They wear a lot of great lookin' stuff.

The first time we ever saw Steve play guitar we just said—Wow!

Favorite other bands: Iron Maiden, Motley Crue, Van Halen.



DIANA ROSENBERG

AJ's hair style by Supercuts. Dickie's cut is from Dens. Keith receives free haircuts from his mom. The boys' spiked belts and arm accessories, also feather roach clips, are from Warehouse Records and Tapes. Lillian Axe scarfs and t-shirts bought at concerts. (Dickie's is a self-designed air brush creation.) Leather pants and jeans from Chess King or other shops in Lakeside. Nike tennis shoes from Lakeside Mall. Garter belt from any lingerie department. Handcuffs from any army supply store.

the cold

JILL MOLLINERO, AGE 17, FRESHMAN
AT LSU.

I love the Cold because they project excitement and (giggles) I have fun. They're the only local band that I ever have fun at, that I can actually dance at. Barbara's one of my favorites, she's the most interesting because she does more. The guys like her 'cause she's sexually appetizing. I don't notice Chris too much; he's hiding behind the drums, Burt's kinda fun to watch because he hops around. Vance walks around kinda pigeon-toed, Kevin looks like he's really concentrating . . . and Barbara . . . she's just wild, she's just a wild woman. Chris is back there just giving it all he's got, beating the skins.

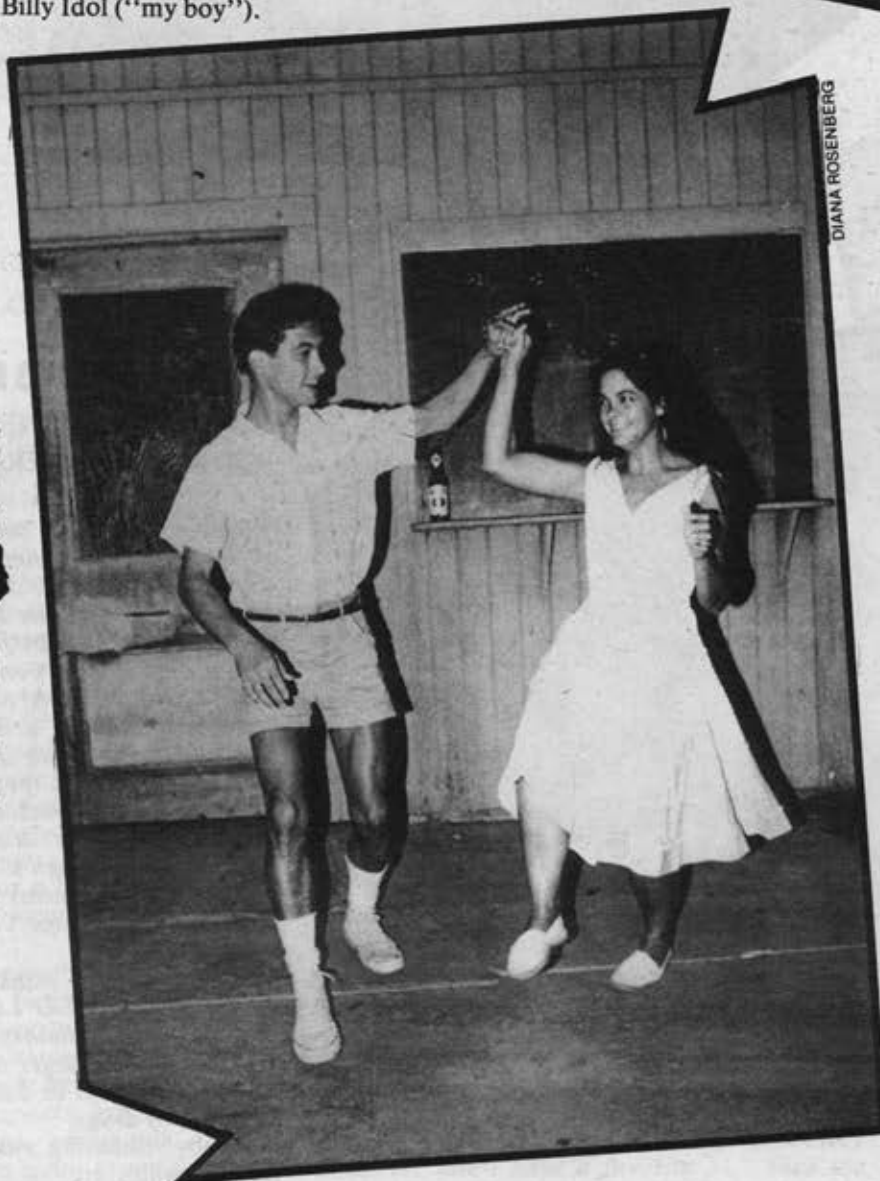
My favorite song is a new one called "Talk To Me." I don't know the words or who wrote it yet but it's really good.

I've been coming since I was 13 or 14—I'm almost 18 now so for about three years I guess. Well, they broke up but throughout the breakup I was still listening to their tapes and stuff. They play around once a month so that's how often I see them. They're just a clean-cut bunch of musicians just out to have fun . . . the parents can rest assured that when their kids go see the Cold they'll be safe and have a great time.

Actually, I think Barbara, Vance and Kevin are my favorites. Barbara's visually captivating and Vance and Kevin keep the jokes going between songs; they are both very witty. I hope in a way they never make it big because then they would leave New Orleans.

Favorite other bands: Squeeze, Talking Heads, Tom Tom Club, Billy Idol ("my boy").

Suzanne's hair is natural and self-styled and make-up is natural. Flower print cotton peasant dress tailor-made as a bridesmaid gown. Some of her other Cajun-style dresses come from "people's grandmothers, church bazaars and places like St. Vincent de Paul's thrift stores in little towns like Pineville." Flat espadrilles can be found at any women's shoe boutique.



Jill's wavy blond hair is styled by Stacey Stewart. Makeup from Holmes and silver pendant necklace by Mignon Faget. Earrings bought in Mexico. Oversized man's shirt is from Amvets/Thrift City and slacks from Coleman's in the Warehouse District. Black Converse hightops are from Athletes Foot. Underneath, Calvin Klein briefs for women from The Limited ("They're wonderful—They make me feel so androgynous!")

bourré

SUZANNE MARIE CHAILLOT, AGE 27,
HOME FURNISHINGS CONSULTANT,
LAURA ASHLEY SHOP, CANAL PLACE
JOHN CHAILLOT, AGE 22, WORKS AT
THE WORLD'S FAIR.

[Spoken in a lovely Cajun accent:]

I love Cajun music, I can't live without it, I guess because I'm pure-D Cajun. My favorite member of the band, well it's hard to say. I like everyone but I guess I like the accordion the best, I just love Bruce to death.

Everyone dances, you can't not dance when you come to the Maple Leaf. We either do a fast two-step or a slow waltz or you can just jump around like you're crazy. Oh, and the Cajun jitter-bug.

My favorite song is the "Bosco Stomp." Bourré is definitely keeping the Cajun heritage alive.

We didn't speak French growing up in Crowley, but we could pick it up just hanging around the household. They did speak it, and you'd understand if they were talking about you. We were all taught to speak English in a Cajun sort of way.

I learned to dance when I was about two or three years old. My papaJoe [grand father] used to pay us a nickel if we'd dance with him. He'd put us up on his feet and hold us up and we'd just dance and dance and dance. He taught us all how to dance.

I'm really pleased to see that Cajun music has taken on such a following. Me and my brother used to go to the country to go dancing, because all the other bars were playing Chicago and Blood Sweat and Tears, and everyone said "Cajun music yuk yuk," but now they all think it's the hippest thing on earth.

Her brother John Chaillot, age 22, works at the World's Fair, International Bazaar, in La Belle France.

I love Bourre because they're an instrument that's keeping the culture and tradition alive. My favorite song is the "Crowley Two-Step" 'cause naturally I'm partial to Crowley. It was great growing up with a great dancer like my sister. On New Orleans: Gumbo is my favorite food—the way my grandma makes it, not the way they serve it here.

FANS

radiators

HOLDEN MILLER, 1984 OFFICIAL

SUPPLY COORDINATOR FOR SOLID
WASTE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BONNIE O'DONOGHUE, ARTIST.

Bonnie: My husband (Coleman) and I got married last week in Washington D.C., and the Rads just happened to be in town: They rocked the place, on a Monday night the place was jumpin'. A lot of Tulanians were there, the club had a deal where people with a Louisiana license or Tulane ID could get in for free. The club was Adams.

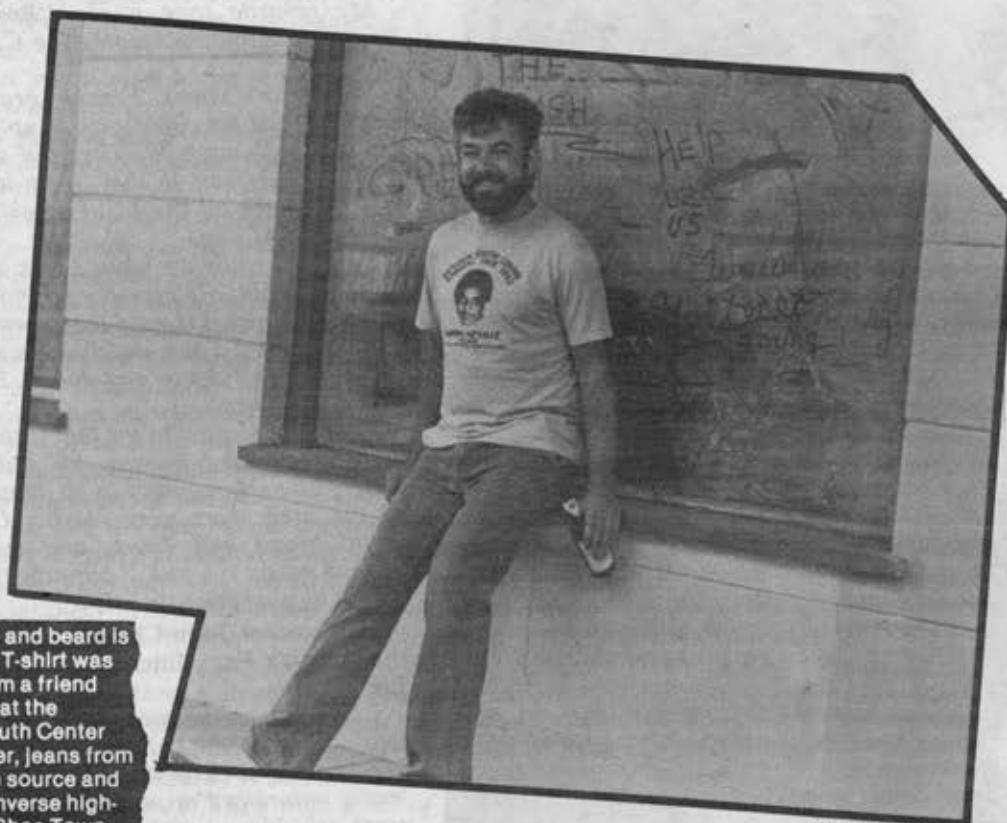
I like the Rads because they play good music. How's that for a basic answer?

Holden: I used to love the Radiators back when I was young and stuff, and they made me want to gyrate, so I went and started gyrating like a fiend right there in front. I was the head gyrater, cheerleader. But then all these other people came and they looked just like me and stuff and I was freaked out, they were gyrating and looking like me and I didn't like it, so I just quit going, I boycotted the Rads for about three years. I'm kinda still in the midst of my boycott but tonight I came down here [Dream Palace] 'cause I wanted to hear 'em because someone played a bootleg tape of them for me last week and they sounded GREAT. My favorite song is "Automatic." Of course my favorite singer is Ed Volker. Current other favorite singer is Etta James.

Bonnie: I enjoy the music, I know I can always dance. My favorite guy is Ed but I really like all of them together. I come at least once a month, sometimes twice. My favorite place to see them is Luigi's. They play there on Wednesdays.



Holden's boyish trim is by Ray Bishop, John Jay Salon. Makeup natural, earrings are from now-defunct Red Star. Red mini from Marshalls. Black pumps given by friend Christi, black sequined purse found in her Aunt Buck's closet. Underneath, "simple yet elegant" camisole top and tap shorts bought at retail prices. Bonnie's long, wavy hair is natural, trimmed occasionally at different places, makeup natural. Cotton top bought in Maryland, yellow slacks from All Natural Emporium, sandals from the Shoe Outlet.



Hubie's cut and beard is self-styled. T-shirt was present from a friend purchased at the Uptown Youth Center get-together, jeans from a forgotten source and leather Converse high-tops from Shoe Town. Dixie beer from Dream Palace. Main shopping haunt: "In the quarters."

neville brothers

HUBIE VIGREUX, NEWS PHOTO-
GRAPHER/CAMERAMAN CHANNEL 6.

I love the Nevilles because they are a history of New Orleans rhythm and blues. In one night you can have it all. My favorite tune is the "Iko/Iko"—"Brother John" medley. It's hard to pick my favorite performer... Aaron is one of the best singers ever in history, but I like Cyril. I am just geared to percussion. I try to see them at least once a month. Being a Neville Brothers fan is a state of mind. The thing about the Nevilles is that they just keep going. The family talent is incredible, Aaron is great, but I think Ivan's more talented than Aaron and Charlie, even though Charlie's something else, but like Ivan embarrasses Aaron, and Jason is something else. Hopefully it will go on and on and on.

On the Rads: I think the Radiators are the future. I used to like Little Feat, so naturally I would like the Radiators. I think Eddie Volker is a genius, I could never take enough drugs to be on the same level as Eddie, and Eddie doesn't take a lot of drugs.

Hobby: Shooting videos of people like the Rads, Nevilles, etc.

Other favorite bands: Police, Chris Kenner, Allen Toussaint, Radiators.

Maureen's exotic hair style by Mutzie Forrester. Makeup, all purpose Day Glo purchased in New York. Bangles and other jewelry mainly from flea markets and antique clothing shops in the French Quarter. Slacks were given as a present and t-shirt is from Filp in New York.



DIANA ROSENBERG



models

MAUREEN BACON, AGE 17, SENIOR AT MT. CARMEL HIGH.

I've been a model Models fan since 1981. I loved to stand in the front and watch. I guess the reason I like them is because their music is great, but I especially like the way they look. They haven't made it top 40-wise but I like them much better than anything on the radio. They're way ahead of what's on the radio. If I heard them I'd start to listen.

My favorite song is "Fire Patrol." Of course my favorite Model is Johnny. The first time I saw them something snapped and I knew they were really good. Their music has changed since I first saw them, it used to be real loud and fast. They still do a lot of their old stuff but they do it in a more professional way. They definitely deserve more than Jimmy's. Even though I date Johnny, I was a fan long before I really knew him.

Other favorites: David Bowie, Sex Pistols, Lords of the New Church, Dead Kennedys.

shepherd band

SAMUEL, DRIVES A FORK LIFT

ZAKIYA, DESIGNS CLOTHES

BABY NILAJA

Zakiya: We listen to all kinds of music but I can't speak for staunch Rastas, because we're not staunch Rastas. They may listen to just reggae, it's a very personal choice.

Sam: Being a Rasta is very much an individual thing. It has the potential to be a whole lifestyle, but it's personal, even the divinity of Haile Selassie is also very much an individual choice, to some people he's the son of god or jah, to some he's jah, I can't speak for all Rastas because as you see there is a variation.

The history of the Rasta movement ties in to the music in that reggae specifically—not ska or bluebeat but reggae—is due specifically to the change in tempo and some of the messages that reggae is about . . . a message of brotherhood, a message of love, not just temporal love but spiritual love, a return or a forward to Africa, and freedom from oppression; not just for Africans but for all folks.

The Shepherd Band is really only one of the few reggae bands locally, but unfortunately they are not playing until September. We used to hear them at Tip's or the Players Club.

My lifestyle is my whole being. Reggae's the only music that really speaks messages about freedom from oppression, about our African heritage. The dreadlocks mean to me freedom, free to be myself, my most natural self. I feel closer to nature.

The music from the people of Jamaica . . . I can relate to their situation. I feel sort of like they do; this isn't my home, I'm just an immigrant. I'm an African born in America. I do consider myself an American but only because I was born here. I don't feel I speak for Americans or the American way of life. I don't eat like Americans, I'm a vegetarian. I do natural things for my body . . . I do go to McDonald's because they have a salad bar now.

On the colors used so often, red, green and gold: It's taken from the Ethiopian flag.

The language is a vehicle expression of the positive.

Zakiya: Steel Pulse is my favorite group. I love Bob Marley, of course. My favorite song the Shepherd Band does is an original—one the keyboard player wrote but I don't know about the name. We dance most of the time when we go hear reggae. It's called skanking—your body does whatever it feels.

There's not too many places to hear reggae but we do go to I and I Restaurant. It means you do for me and I do for you, I guess the Golden-Rule.

Sam: We look forward to seeing them every time. We don't have a favorite . . . they are really tight musicians; the drummer, the bass player . . . they are a very good show.



ALICE QUARLES HARGROVE

Zakiya's dreadlocks are just natural ("Just don't comb it and nature designs it"), makeup is natural. Beaded earrings and leather pendant necklace were made by a friend, beaded bangles are imported from Africa. Red ceramic pendant is from the flea market. Red t-shirt bought wholesale from New York and then cut and dyed by Zakiya.

Muslim skirt tie-dyed and designed by Zakiya as well. Birkenstock sandals from the company of the same name. Samuel's dreadlocks are natural. Blue net t-shirt is from "Woolworth's or someplace like that." Army fatigues are from Frank's Baby Nilaja's African print dress designed and dyed by mom Zakiya.



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From Russia, With A Beat

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Reporter Jim Motavalli recently returned from a trip to the Soviet Union sponsored by Promoting Enduring Peace and other United States peace groups.)

BY JIM MOTAVALLI

An American and a Russian were drinking in a bar in the Soviet city of Kazan. The drink was vodka, the subject, jazz.

The Russian, who avidly reads *downbeat* (the American jazz magazine) and translates it for his colleagues in the Kazan Jazz Society, knows the music only from records; he has never heard the real stuff played live. The American told the Russian about the New York jazz clubs he frequents, places where the greats improvise nightly.

"Ah, Jim," said the Russian, looking into his vodka glass, "you are a happy man."

The American was me; the Russian was Leonar Latypov, an English professor at Kazan State University. Like many of the young Soviet men and women I met on my recent two-week trip, Leonar is a passionate student of American culture, following the trends against some formidable obstacles: records are difficult to obtain, and American concerts are almost non-existent.

I soon learned that the Soviets carefully separate the American government, which they regard as the cynical product of capitalism in decay, from the American people, who are much admired for their vital and active culture.

Jazz, the most American of arts forms, has survived chills and thaws in official Soviet policy. Through widely spaced visits by Western performers, through records and radio broadcasts (especially those by the seminal announcer Willis Conover on Voice of America), jazz was a factor in Soviet culture even before Benny Peyton's Jazz Kings (featuring clarinetist Sidney Bechet) brought syncopated rhythms to Moscow in 1926. It's survived periodic and frequently clumsy attempts at official repression (Stalin exiled jazz musicians to Siberia; Khrushchev said, "When I hear jazz, it's as if I had gas on the stomach") to emerge as a full-fledged movement today. I brought back a collection of Soviet jazz records, and they're strong stuff, a bit derivative but nonetheless amply seasoned with the Soviet spirit.

Soviet jazz musicians are beginning to be heard outside their country's borders these days (a trumpeter, Valeri Ponomarev, recently did a stint with Art Blakey) and the future looks bright for a little bit of cultural detente.

I asked my friend Leonar what forms of jazz are currently popular in the Soviet Union:

Latypov: My friends and I like many different types of jazz, from the earliest swing to the fusion. I like the mainstream style myself; recently I bought a very nice LP by Count Basie and Oscar Peterson. I also have the opportunity to tape records, because many of my friends are

jazz collectors as well.

It seems like traditional jazz is more popular here than the modern sounds of John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy.

It depends on the age. Many people of my age—I'm 28—prefer the mainstream music. Younger people prefer the fusion or modern jazz. I love the saxophone players myself: Wayne Shorter, John Coltrane, Sonny Fortune.

Do you ever get to see any of these players here in Kazan?

No, never. I think Kazan is considered to be a provincial town. They go to Moscow, Leningrad, Riga, but not to Kazan.

I really hope you do get a chance to hear some of these musicians live. Jazz is an improvised music.

I would very much like to hear the music live. We have a chance here to read *downbeat* and we read about the live performances with great interest here in Kazan.

What about Russian jazz? Do you think there are many groups here that are up to the standards of the American ensembles?

We do have many talented jazz musicians in this country. It depends on the style. There is the big band led by Oleg Lundstrem; the fusion group Arsenal, which plays in the style of Weather Report; and a piano player you could compare to Chick Corea, Leonid Chizhik. It's very difficult to name them all.

Do you get a chance to hear these Soviet jazz players live?

Surely. Even in this town, in Kazan, we have many groups, modern jazz, swing, Dixieland. We also have a jazz fan club in our youth center, and there are many members.



Does rock, the decadent West's most culturally symbolic product, have a place in Soviet cultural life as well? It certainly does. In 1979, Bob Dylan's *Blood on the Tracks* fetched 150 rubles on the Moscow black market. Tours by the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Elton John and B.B. King (not rock certainly but an influence on it) produced near riots on every stop. When the group Boney M came to Moscow, it was forbidden to play its biggest hit, "Rah Rah Rasputin, Russian's Greatest Love Machine."

Soviet rock is rife with pale imitations of Western heroes, but innovative groups like the Winds of Change and Time Machine have fashioned their own uniquely Russian sounds. Punk has its place too—the leader of the Minstrels, Alexander Burnov, even sports two-tone hair.

I asked Andrei Ostrokh, a fifth-year student at the Moscow Teacher Training Institute, to guide me through the unfamiliar tributaries of Soviet rock.

Is it hard for you to obtain rock and roll records in the Soviet Union?

I would say it's hard, because you can't really buy many hard rock records in the ordinary stores. We get them by exchanging records. A friend of mine might buy a record, or his father might bring it from abroad, and I can tape it.

Tell me which are your favorites.

The first one, of course, is the Beatles.

Do you know the Beatles song "Back in the U.S.S.R."?

Sure, that's from the *White Album*, 1968. It's great. I like it. I also like the Rolling Stones. I would also sing my praises to Jim Morrison and the Doors, Deep Purple, Rainbow, Black Sabbath, of course, Golden Earring.

Are there many Russian groups which derive their sound from the American and British bands?

I'm not as familiar with Russian groups. I've heard some on tapes and in concert. I would say they've taken a lot from Western rock, and very often they don't put their own viewpoint into the music. They're simply taking it and playing it, maybe translating it into Russian. But there are some progressive groups, like Time Machine—they have extremely good lyrics.

Some of the bands are called "underground." Their music is not officially sanctioned...

We have about 30 underground groups in Moscow. Some of them play—can I say it?—shitty music, not so good. People go to their concerts not because they like their music but simply because they are underground. Gradually a lot of these groups are becoming "official," subsidized by the government. This is good in many ways because for an underground concert we have to pay about five rubles, \$7.50 approximately. For us it's a lot. And many of the concerts are held way out in the suburbs. It's much easier to get tickets to see the official groups, and the prices are stabilized at about two rubles, \$3. The members of the official groups are paid wages like any other workers. They have more time to rehearse and polish their music.

Almost every year we have a rock festival, and it gathers the best bands. Many of these groups become official after this festival. And when they get official status, they can get their records released.

Some official groups I don't like. One band, Dialogue, was highly praised in our Moscow youth newspaper. I went to their concert and found them much too noisy. I prefer listening to music at home, wearing headphones and letting the music pour into your mind. I like music loud but this was too much for me. And the group stole some pieces from the Pink Floyd's 1975 album, *Wish You Were Here*. The guitarist played the same solos.

The younger people didn't notice this; they had had too much beer. I'm 23 already and getting more serious in my approach.

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ISIDORE 'TUTS' WASHINGTON 1907—1984

BY ALMOST SLIM

I'm sure that many of you readers were just as shocked as I was at the news of Tuts Washington's death on August 5, 1984. Sure he was 77 years old, but it often seemed like a livelier septuagenarian didn't exist; the man had only been to a doctor once in his entire life. But now, nearly a month later, we can reflect on just how much the city's music has lost.

As most people know by now, Tuts was felled by a fatal heart attack during a set at the World's Fair. But rather than dwell on his death, it is much more appropriate that we remember his life and his music. Although he didn't enjoy the commercial success that many of his contemporaries and imitators did, his influence on shaping the "New Orleans sound" was substantial.

Myself, I treasure the time and friendship I shared with the man. Listening to him spin yarns about "the old days" until even my ears were numb...trading risqué stories...trying to convince him to record an album...walking up and down Canal Street for hours...watching him show me how to do a dance that was once popular in the back rooms of the Rampart Street honky tonks...listening to his infectious laugh.

And of course there was his playing. Supremely confident, Tuts displayed endless virtuosity and style that belied his advanced years and humble appearance. Others could copy his piano runs, but only Tuts could embellish them with a mark all his own.

Tuts will be remembered as a great musician, a gentleman and a friend.

Isidore "Tuts" Washington, Jr. was born in New Orleans, January 24, 1907, the son of Juanita Howard and Isidore Washington, Sr. Tuts had an older sister who died before his birth, and an "outside" brother fathered by Isidore Sr. "I'm a creole," affirmed Tuts, "so there will never be a shadow of a doubt in your mind. I come up on the corner of Eighth and Franklin [now Simon Bolivar Street]. Most of my peoples is dark, but my pa's grandpa was an Indian, and I got his color."

Tragedy struck Tuts' life early, when his mother died under mysterious circumstances when he was just six. "The doctor said she drank some coffee that was poisoned," explains Tuts. "I don't know if someone would have poisoned her purposely," he says but adds quickly, "People were a lot more superstitious in those days, that could have had something to do with it."

Even though Tuts spent a relatively short period of life with his mother, there was apparently much love in the family, and he still speaks fondly of her, although he does admit, "She was real strict. My ma's the one that started calling me 'Tuts.' I don't why but she just did." Photographs of Juanita show a dark-skinned, well-dressed, handsome woman with a glint of no nonsense in her eyes.

Tuts' father, a house painter, begrudgingly had to put his son in the care of his wife's sister,

Rosetta Howard, who lived further downtown, near the intersection of Josephine and Clara Streets. "I don't need to tell you things was different in those days. You could buy a sack of groceries for a dollar and a big bag a' crackers for a nickel. There wasn't all this killin' and stealin' you got today. A man could walk the streets any time o' day. I used to play in the alley behind the Leidenheimer's Bakery where they baked the French bread loaves. The bakers would give us kids donuts and bread all the time and I'd run back and give 'em to my aunt."

Like any child growing up in New Orleans, Tuts was exposed to a great deal of music. "There was plenty of it around," says Tuts. "There was always bands out in the street, 'cause nearly everybody got waked by a band then. On week-ends, sometimes there'd be two or three bands out on the corner tryin' to 'buck' each other to see which one was best. All us kids would run behind the bands, they call it second linin' today. I liked to hear the 'Tin Roof Blues.' [sings] 'Don't you get too funky 'cause your water's on.' That was kicks."

It wasn't too long before Tuts became interested in making his own music. "The first thing I learned to play was the harmonica and the drums. Every quarter I'd get, I'd run to the corner and buy a harmonica—Hohner Marine Band harmonica. I got to where I played one pretty good, but my aunt made me quit playin' 'em 'cause she said they would make my lips too big."

But it was an upright piano sitting in his aunt's front room that eventually drew most of Tuts' attention. "I was 10 years old when I first started playing the piano. No one taught me to play, not even how to play a C chord. That's why I believe it was a gift from God. I always could play anything I heard. When I was a kid, I was a good whistler. Every time I heard a song that I liked, I'd whistle it all the way home, then I'd sit down and 'find it' on the piano. I got to the point where good piano players would come and ask me to show them things to play."

"I started out playin' the blues, 'cause that was what the people liked to hear. I'd sneak around the joints and listen to 'em play the blues and boogie woogie. They had a gang of blues players then; see, every joint had a piano in it 'cause this was before they even had radios and jukeboxes. People wanted to hear something while they were drinkin'—that's why they had all these piano players out here. Not every joint could afford to get a band, so you had a lot of these guys out here hustlin' for change and a few drinks. I didn't play in the joints when I was real young, but I used to go 'round the corner to the Gallo Theatre [on Claiborne Ave.]. I played there when the movies would be showing. Fish fries, too. People would give fish fries to raise money and hire me to play to entertain the people. Made a couple a' dollars and got all I could to eat and drink, that's all I was lookin' for then. Just a good time."

As a child, Tuts was sent to a private "colored" school in Uptown New Orleans on Franklin Avenue run by a group of Lutheran teachers. "It cost my pa ten cents a week to send me to school."

I remember I learned to read from a McGuffey's reader—it was a real good book for learnin'. I only played hooky one day, but I got caught by one of the teachers. 'Essedor—I hated to hear that—'where have you been?' Well, she gave me a whippin' and then she told my pa. Then he tore my ass up too. I never played hooky again."

Tuts only completed the sixth grade, although he contends, "My education was just as good as anyone who graduated from a public high school. I quit school to go to work. I started shinin' shoes for the rich white folks in front of the Crescent Billiard Hall, where Kolb's Restaurant is now on St. Charles Avenue [on the lake side of the 100 block]. I was makin' seven dollars a week. Man, I thought I was rich."

Even though Tuts had barely reached his teens, he began playing in bands whose members were far older than himself, and also began "hagin' out in joints. 'I never had any problems playin' with bands, I played with all of our best dixieland bands in the Twenties—Kid Punch, Kid Rene, plenty of 'em."

Tuts also joined the large number of "barrel-house" pianists that circulated throughout the city. "Right away I knew I didn't just want to be a blues player, there was a gang of them around. If you wanted to get a good job that paid some money, you had to play more than the blues, you had to be able to play anything the people wanted."

"See in them days the [red light] district was still open. Now I'm not just talkin' about the white district on Basin Street, but the colored district, in behind Rampart Street [Perdido Street]. We used to have a joint in back of the precinct that we called the 'Fuck Around.' I run up on a gang of blues players there in the Twenties. 'Black' Merineaux, Fats Pichon, Little Brother Montgomery, Burnell Santiago, Kid Stormy Weather, Hezekiah—they was all blues players. Some nights there'd be three or four of us in there and we'd 'buck' each other to see which one was best. Some nights they'd raid the joint and I'd have to run out the back door 'cause I wasn't old enough to be in there. I'd come at all hours of the night and my aunt would be so mad. She'd say, 'Tuts, where you been?' and she'd beat the hell out of me."

Tuts' reputation as a good player spread, and although his aunt wasn't too happy about the late hours he was keeping, she eventually consented to let her nephew take proper lessons from a "professor." Everybody that passed the house and heard me play would say, 'That boy is good, he ought to be takin' lessons.' Finally, when I was 18, my pa sent me to a teacher. I only went one day, the teacher told my pa, 'I can't teach this boy nuthin'. He already plays better than a tenth grade pianist.' So I just carried on the way I had been, sneakin' in the joints and tryin' to learn what I could by ear."

As Tuts grew to be an adult, he spent most of his time developing his style and soaking up the nightlife that New Orleans had to offer during the 1930's. "A piano player had it made in them days. Women would fight over a piano player. See, the district was open, women were turnin' tricks and they had plenty money. They wanted their men to look good. I had women buy me gold belt buckles, rings, silk shirts, new suits and all kinds

This story is an excerpt from I Hear You Knockin': The Sound of New Orleans Rhythm and Blues, which is to be published this fall by Swallow Publications.



BUNNY MATTHEWS

'Things was happenin' in them days.'

of shit. Man, they'd be puttin' money in your pocket and fightin' with each other to do it.

"I was mostly playin' by myself in the colored joints. Now a lot of them Italians had speakeasy joints. They hired nothin' but colored bands. The colored joints didn't hire too many bands because they could only afford a piano player. Bourbon Street, too. They hired nothin' but colored bands in those days.

"Now I bummed around plenty in my day, that's when I was drinkin' liquor. Mostly I bummed on Rampart Street, 'cause Rampart was nothin' but joints. I'd get me a half pint of gin, sit up in a joint and maybe play some piano and then walk down the street to the next joint. Do that all day long. Things was happenin' in them days. There was gamblin' and prostitution, but it seemed like a person had a chance to make some money then."

The man who came to influence Tuts' piano style the most was Joseph Louis "Red" Cayou. Cayou was two years Tuts' senior and was inspired by Jelly Roll Morton, who visited his house. Cayou played with a jazz trio at the Big 25, but mostly played solo piano in the honky tonks and gaming houses. "Red Cayou was the best thing we had around here," declares Tuts flatly. "He had long hands and bowed legs. Red could walk into any joint in town and run anybody offa the piano. Piano players were scared to play when Red walked in the door. He fingered the hell out of the piano. Played so fast you couldn't even see his hands. That sumbitch was electric! That's where I got my left hand. He used to tell me, 'You son of a bitch, I'm gonna run you offa that piano. He played in the tonks, but he played 'round those whorehouses over on Basin Street before they closed them down. Red left here around '25 and moved to Oakland, California. He never did come back. I got to visit him once out there, but he died in a car wreck in 1947."

Before Tuts reached his twenties, he began leaving town to play piano in New Orleans dance bands. Tuts recalls playing with Cap-

tain John Handy, "Son" Johnson, Isaiah Morgan, Kid Clayton, Papa French, Kid Rena, and Louis Demain, who all led bands at the time and, according to Tuts, played "for whites and coloreds."

During the 1930's Tuts could most often be found in one of the tiny clubs that lined South Rampart Street or occasionally with a dixieland group, led by the likes of Kid Sheik, Alton Purnel or Thomas Jefferson. While on Rampart Street, Tuts imparted much to a number of up-and-coming pianists. "I taught a lot of these fellows," assures Tuts. "When I was playin' at the Kotton Club, Fess [Roy Byrd a.k.a. Professor Longhair] used to come in and watch me at the piano. He'd rub smut on his lip so it would look like a mustache and he could look older and fool the owners. I tried to show him some of these strides that I play, but he couldn't make it. He had to make a fist and roll his left hand to cover what I could cover."

Not long after, Tuts began his most memorable musical association, one with Overton Lemons, of course better known as Smiley Lewis. "I had been knowin' Lewis from when I played with Thomas Jefferson back in the Thirties. I was playin' on Rampart Street, and Lewis would always stop by to see me on his way home from workin' in the Quarter with Noon Johnson and "Papoose" [Walter Nelson]. He use' to say, 'Man, I wish I could play with someone that's as good as you, Tuts.' He use' to sing a few tunes with me, 'cause I always did like his voice.

"I took a job with Kid Ernest at the Boogie Woogie Club in Bunkie, Louisiana. It was during the war and things had slowed up around New Orleans, so I took the job. The man that owned the club wanted a vocalist, so I talked Kid and his brother into hiring Lewis. We played around Bunkie and Marksville, Louisiana, for the best part of two years. When I came home I had \$800 in my pocket."

Tuts was present on Smiley's first recording, "Turn On Your Volume" b/w "Here Comes

Smiley" that was recorded in 1948 for Deluxe Records. "We had the best trio around New Orleans," confirms Tuts. "Nobody could beat Smiley singin' blues or standards. We played all around town, The Gypsy Tea Room, the El Morocco, the Dew Drop, all 'round town.

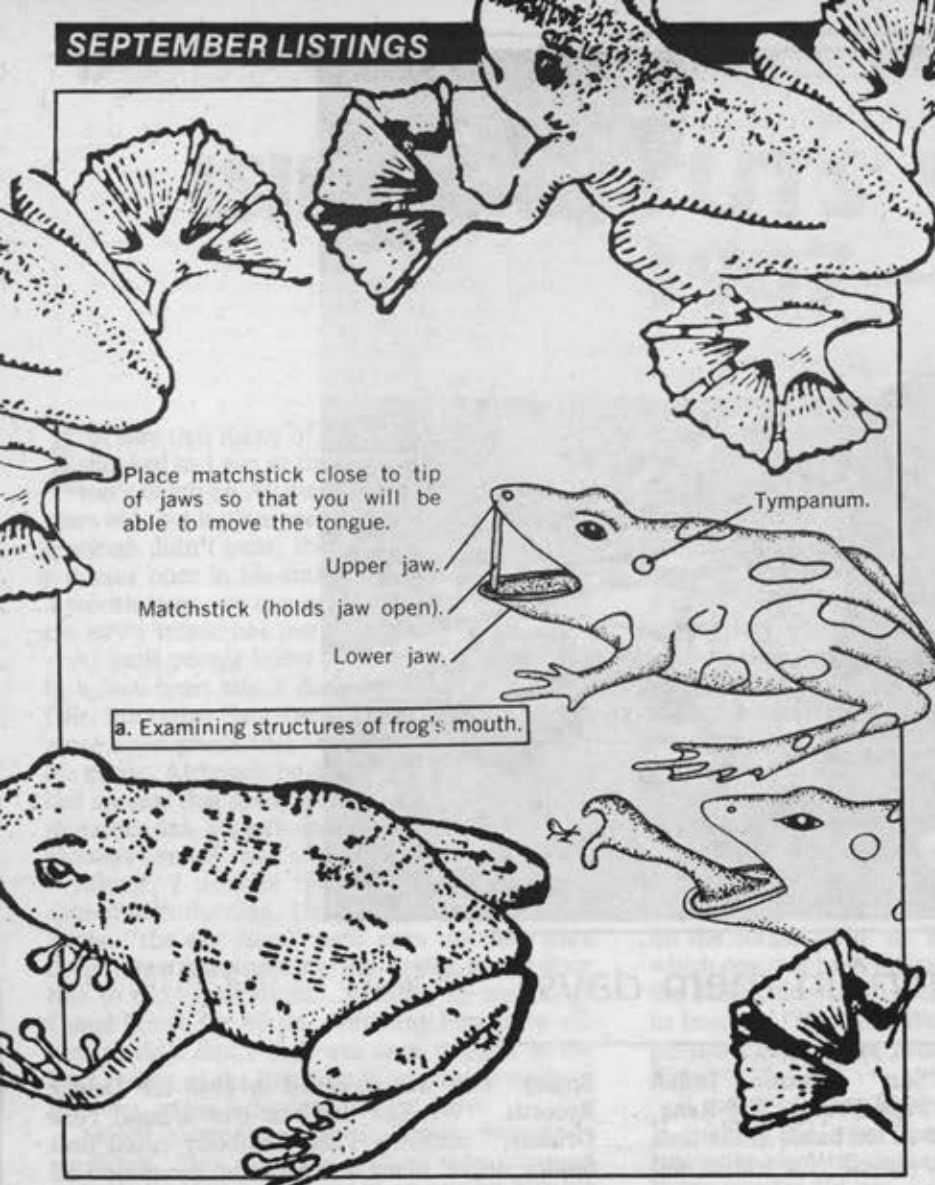
"We started bummin' around the J&M Studio. I remember they had an old German-made upright piano that I liked to play. I wrote a lot of those numbers for Smiley then that I never got credit for. I wrote 'The Dirty, Dirty People Done The Poor Boy Wrong,' and I gave Smiley the words to 'Tee-Nah-Nah.' That was one of those prison songs they used to sing up in Angola. 'Tee-Nah-Nah' went everywhere; every time I turned around I heard it on the box. We travelled all over on that record. Florida, Mississippi, Oklahoma—Melvin Cade was bookin' us—we went to so many places I had to write my aunt just to let her know where I was. In fact I did so much travelling then that I'm not too crazy about travelling now.

"I stayed with Smiley 'till around '51. Smiley just got too big headed and ornery. He got to the point where you couldn't tell him nuthin.' We had had words a bunch of times so I left the trio and then Dave Bartholomew ran behind him and got him to make all those records for the Imperial Recording Company."

Curiously, even though he lived through the most active recording period in New Orleans and scores of inferior musicians were recorded, Tuts was never inclined to make recordings of his own. "I never did have to make no records," points out Tuts. "I always been havin' a name around New Orleans for my playin' ability. Now a lot of these boys that get a record out, they need one to get a name. But these boys that get a record out, they need one to get a name. But they need a bass guitar and a drum to fill out their sound. I never did need that. They got a name offa that rock 'n' roll, that teenaged music. They got them loud guitars on there and that high hollerin' and screamin'. But you can't call that music—that's just a bunch of damn noise.

After Tuts split with Smiley, he joined Papa

Continued on page 28



Place matchstick close to tip of jaws so that you will be able to move the tongue.

Upper jaw.

Matchstick (holds jaw open).

Lower jaw.

a. Examining structures of frog's mouth.

The Louisiana Amphibian is celebrated at the RAYNE FROG FESTIVAL September 14 through 16.



ELVIS COSTELLO, Aaron Neville's Number One fan, performs at the Louisiana World Exposition Amphitheatre on September 3.

CONCERTS

Monday, September 3

Pete Fountain and Irma Thomas, at Audubon Zoo, 3 p.m. The former performing no doubt in honor of the bald eagles; information at 861-2537.

Saturday, September 8

Juke In The Box (isn't that a chain of drive-in restaurants in Houston?), a benefit for KLSU, noon until 10 p.m. in LSU BR's outdoor Baseball Stadium; among those participating are Woodenhead (center field), Pressure (short stop), Bluesomatics and the Night Timers (might get to second base), The Producers (out in left field), and out on the mound—as usual—Li'l Queenie, bless her heart; information at 388-5911.

Saturday, September 15

3rd Annual Uptown Youth Center Fall Fair and Music Festival, 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. At the Center, 4877 Laurel Street, and continuing on Sunday, Sept. 16 at the same hours. Rides, space-walks, food, cold drinks, prizes, and The Uptights, the Olympia Brass Band, Earl King, the Clean 13 (the Youth Center's band), the Aubry Twins, Frankie Ford, Bobby Cure and the Summer-time Blues, Lenny Zenith, Tommy Ridgely, the Top Cats, Mark Bingham, the Louisiana Purchase and the Neville Brothers who have made the Center a pet project.

Wednesday, September 19

Peter Hansen, of Tulane's Music Department, in recital on the harpsichord; Rogers Memorial Chapel, noon; free. Information at 865-5268.

Thursday, September 20

Sheila E., afloat and adrift on the Riverboat President; tentative like everything in life.

Friday, September 21

Chicago, UNO Lakefront Arena; if they can get Hacksaw Duggan on that stage then one supposes they can fit the 47 members of this big horn band on it.

Friday, September 21

New Orleans City Ballet, Theatre for the Performing Arts; three ballets—*Scotch Symphony* to music by Mendelssohn and choreography by the late-grate George Balanchine, plus *Concerto Barocco* and *With Timbrel and Dance Praise His Name* which is set to hymns and spiritual hollers, the latter provided by the estimable Barbara Short. Tickets from either Ticketmaster or NOCB; 587-3200 or 888-8181. Same program repeated Sunday, September 23.

Saturday, September 22

New Orleans Rhythm and Blues Festival, at the C.A.C. and continued on Sunday, September 23; call the Center for details, 523-1216.

Sunday, September 23

Le Cannibale, by Larry Sieberth. Longue Vue House, 7 Bamboo Road, 3 p.m. 488-5488.

Wednesday, September 26

Wynton Marsalis, Moses Hogan, Kent Jordan, the New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra; LWE Amphitheatre, 8 p.m.

Friday, September 28

Allen Toussaint, Dr. John, Dave Bartholomew, Saenger Theatre, 8 p.m. Giving the elderly phrase "Under the Stars at the Saenger" a new meaning.

Sunday, September 30

Island Night, with Exuma and Chef Palmer, Jimmy's—thank heavens it isn't Last Island Night! (Ask students of local meteorological history about *that* mess). "All you can eat and all you can dance"—not simultaneously one hopes.

Elton John, on what is announced as the last tour ever, period, bar none, for the pride of Middlesex; LSU Assembly Center, Baton Rouge.

OUT OF TOWN

Sept. 1

Southwest Mississippi Blues Festival, McComb, MS. From noon; Lynn White, Johnny Adams, Walter Washington, Big Moody and the Mississippi Farm Boys. Information from Percy Bryant at 601-684-2100.

Sept. 2-9

San Francisco Inter-Dada 84 Festival, with performances, parades, art, films, video, fashion, the whole ball of wax. Information from Tristan Tzara or Sophie Tauber-Arp at 415-863-6500.

SYMPHONY

Sept. 3

Lafreniere Park, Downs Boulevard, Jefferson. Light classics and popular music conducted by Andrew Massey; 6 p.m.

Sept. 9

Amphitheatre, World's Fair. Entremont at the piano, Shlomo Mintz, violinist and cellist Leonard Rose perform the Beethoven Triple Concerto. At 8. Tickets available through the Amphitheatre's box office.

Sept. 11-13

Orpheum Theatre, 8 p.m. Andrew Massey conducts, violinist Joseph Swensen is soloist; works by Weber, Mozart and Beethoven. Ticket information at 525-0500.

Sept. 14

Audubon Zoo, 6:30 p.m. Andrew Massey conducts, tickets available through the Audubon Zoo, 861-2537.

Sept. 18, 19

Orpheum Theatre, 8 p.m. Andrew Massey conducts, violinist Joseph Swensen is soloist; works by Dvorak, Bartok and Beethoven. Ticket information at 525-0500.

CONCERT SERIES

Brown Bag Concerts, 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Duncan Plaza: Mon.10: the Aubry Twins. Tues.11: the Original Crescent City Jazz Band. Wed.12: Elyna Tatum's Second Liners. Thurs.13: Shepherd Reggae Band. Fri.14: The Bandido Latin Band (not to be confused with the group of Guatemalan teenagers I'm getting ready to produce called Los Guapos, but I'm keeping them under wraps—they're literally living under a tarpaulin in a garage down on Forstall Street—until the world can stand that much beauty onstage at once—Menudo, look out!) Mon.17: the vivacious Raymond Myles and his Singers. Tues.18: Woodenhead. Wed.19: the Gospel Express. Thurs.20: the Original Dixieland Jazz Band—get out the planchettes and ouija boards, this must be a seance-fiction piece. Fri.21: Beausoleil. At diverse locales: Mon.24: Alex Coulange Trio (1515 Poydras); Rachel Van Voorhees (New Orleans Public Library); Tues.25: Bruce Daigrepoint and Bourre (Energy Center). Wed.26: the Jazz Ramblers at Hale Boggs Mall and poet Pictove and comedy team Chakula and Chink at the N.O.P.L. Thurs.27: Allegra (Board of Trade Center Plaza on Magazine St.). Fri.28: The Untouchables (Lafayette Square—note to the Arts Council: they've been performing there for years, why wait so long to promote them publicly?); *Louisiana Video* with Stevenson Palfi at the Chamber of Commerce.

French Market Concerts, 3 to 5 p.m. Sat.1: Ted Riley's Royal Brass Band. Sun.2: Chester Zardis, a miracle of belle epoque drumming. Mon.3: Andrew Hall's Society Brass Band. Sat.8: Milton Batiste's Olympia Serenaders. Sun.9: the Louisiana Folkloric Puppet Theatre; followed by Scott Hill's French Market Jazz Band. Sat.15: Tommy Yetta's New Orleans Jazz Band. Sun.16: Wes Mix's West End Jazz Band. Sat.22 and Sun.23: R&B, precisely whom

will have to wait T.B.A. Sat.29: Herman Sherman's Young Tuxedo Jazz Band.
Lafayette Natural History Museum, 637 Girard Pk. Dr., 318-261-8350. *Traveller C'est Trop Dur: The Tools of Cajun Music*, an exhibition of fiddles, accordions, and other Southwest-Louisiana-made instruments, along with music every third Sunday at 2 p.m. Sept.16: a Cajun music workshop.
WWNO, 286-7000. *Jazz Alive!*: Sat.1: Thad Jones and Eddie Nuccilli's Plural Circle from Montreux and Detroit. Sat.8: Mel Torme (whom James Agee once remarked looked like something out of a jar), Buddy Rich and Stan Getz from New York, 1982. Sat.15: Bug Alley, Clark Terry and the Boss Brass from Monterey, 1981. Sat.22: Paul Aubley, Richie Cole, Tania Maria, Flora Purim, from Monterey, 1981. Sat.29: Lou Tabackin and two highly prized examples of vocal floridity, Billy Eckstine and Sarah (ho-ho-ho co-co) Vaughan, from Monterey, 1981.

FESTIVALS

Sept.1-3
La. Shrimp and Petroleum Festival, Morgan City, information—what we really want to know is the connection between shrimp and petroleum—from Benny Villa, P.O. Box 103, Morgan City 70380; 385-0703.

Sept.3
Pirogue Races, in Jim Bowie Park, Houma; kayaks, sculls and Spanish galleons not allowed. Information from Anne Harmon, P.O. Box 2792, Houma 70361; 868-2732.

Bayou Blue Food Festival, Houma. Information from Anthony Cardiere, Rt.5, Box 316-B, Houma 70360; 872-9698.

Sept.9
Cajun Day Festival, Church Point. Information from Theresa Cary, 930 East

Benale, Church Point 70525; 318-684-2739.

Sept.14-16

Louisiana Gumbo Festival of Chackbay, now I have a weakness for Chackbay for several reasons: for one, one of my most adorablest babies came from there (check the George Dureau photos for details) and second, when you drive nearby, you can inhale the smell of fields full of shallots (they have the nerve to talk about "mountain air"! which gives the place a great *cachet*, and third, there is a wonderful Boy Bar in Chackbay called Mike's, filled with cutenesses from 8 to 80, many of them wearing T-shirts proclaiming "Bike To Mike's" which many of them do; obviously, an indispensable fete; information from Elaine Dugas, Rt.3, Box 625-A, Thibodaux 70301; 633-9654 or 447-7277.

Rayne Frog Festival, Gossen Memorial Park, Rayne; information from Hilda Haure, P.O. Box 383, Rayne 70578; 318-334-2332; information also from the following: Theocritus—O to be a frog, my lads, and live aloof from care; Edna St. Vincent Millay—I had forgotten how the frogs must sound After a year of silence, else I think I should not so have ventured forth alone At dusk upon this unfrequented road; Emily Dickinson—The long sigh of the Frog Upon a Summer's Day Enacts intoxication Upon the Revery...; Hilaire Belloc—No animal will more repay A treatment kind and fair; At least so lonely people say Who keep a frog (and by the way, They are extremely rare).
Vinton Cajun Festival, Vinton. Information from Rev. Clarence LeBlanc, 1502 Industrial St., Vinton 70668; 318-589-7358 or 589-3304.

Sept.15

Delta Blues Festival, Freedom Village outside of Greenville, MS; tickets at the gate (\$8 last year); information at 601-232-5993.

Sept.15-16

Festivals Acadiens, the annual Cajun

jamboree embracing everything from crafts to culinary delights, from literature to string bands and hot music; the emphasis musically is, according to savant Barry Ancelet, on "hot bands." At Girard Park; information at 318-232-3737. Outside of the Jazz and Heritage Festival, Louisiana's most popular and publicized music festival.

Sept.21-23

Battle of New Orleans Festival, where it happened; information from Stanley Morel, 1120 Perrine Dr., Arabi 70032; 271-8574.

Sept.22 and 23

Cajun Food Festival, Houma, US Hwy. 90 West; information from Addis Giroir, Rt.1, Box 392, Houma 70360.

Louisiana Sugar Cane Festival, New Iberia. Information from Robert Miranda, P.O. Box 675, New Iberia 70560; 318-364-1343 or 369-9323.

Sept.27-30

Sugar Cane Festival, City Park, New Iberia. Information from Eve P. Oubre, 2175 Lorazille Rd., New Iberia 70560; 318-365-2019.

FOOTBALL

The Saints: Sun.2, Atlanta. Sun.9: Tampa Bay. Sun.16, San Francisco (away). Sun.23: St. Louis. Sun.30: Houston (away). Information at 733-6147.

The Tulane Green Wave: Sat.1, Mississippi State. Sat.15, Florida (Away). Sat.22, Kentucky. Sat.29, Mississippi (Away). Information at 865-5502.

RANDOM DIVERSIONS

Bud Light Crawfishman Sprint Triathlon—Sept.9. In St. Tammany Parish: swim 1.5 kilometers in open water, bike 25

kilometers, and run 10 kilometers; pre-register at Phidippides.

MTV Video Awards, live from Little Old New York and co-hosted by Bette Midler and Dan Aykroyd. Sept.14 on MTV, natch.

Name That Camel!—Audubon Zoo is cosponsoring, with Kentwood Spring Water, a Name The Camel contest for the 4-month-old, 200 lb. Bactrian camel recently acquired from the Dallas Zoo (you thought all they had were elephants there); contest begins Sept.15 and entry blanks will be at the zoo and at grocery stores around town. Also Zoo school year volunteer program registration deadline is Sept.4 and orientation day is Sept.8 from 9 a.m. until noon. Call the Zoo at 865-8197 for more information.

Quote of the Month, in case none of the above has made you think, this ought to—in fact it better: "What is the use of studying philosophy if all that it does is enable you to talk with some plausibility about some abstruse questions of logic, etc., and if it does not improve your thinking about the important questions of everyday life...I know that it's difficult to think *well* about 'certainty,' 'probability,' 'perception,' etc. But it is, if possible, still more difficult to think, or try to think, really honestly about your life and other people's lives. And the trouble is that thinking about these things is *not* thrilling, but often downright nasty. And when it's *nasty* then it's *most* important." from a letter from Ludwig Wittgenstein to his great, good friend Norman Malcolm.

LIVE MUSIC

Amphitheatre, at the World's Fair, 566-2166. Always at 8 p.m. unless stated otherwise. Sat.1: Ted Nugent (decency prevents me from commenting). Sun.2: Robert Schuller at 11 a.m., free. Sun.2: The Stray Cats. Mon.3: Elvis Costello & the Attractions and Nick Lowe and his Cowboy Outfit (strange—I mean is this like Simon Smith and his Dancing Bear?). Fri.7: Ron-

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 —Vincent Fumar, *Times Picayune*
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 —Tom Smith, *New Haven Advocate*



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 —Matthew Barton, *The Boston Globe*

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Allons à Festivals Acadiens
September 15 - 16, 1984



nie Millsaps, having' daydreams about night things—gad, what a title! Sat.8 at 2: Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini vs. Kenny Bogner (I really think the corner of Piety and Royal would be a more appropriate location for this sort of event, or even better, my living room). Sun.9: the New Orleans Philharmonic with Entremont, Leonard Rose and Shlomo (not Hurwitz) Mintz. Thurs.13: Mel Tillis, George "Goobar" Lindsey, the latter of whom is Don Lee Keith's favorite *discur*, for obvious reasons. Fri.14: Red Skelton who contains within himself multitudes, among them The Fox, Clem Kadiddlehopper, Freddie the Freeloader, San Fernando Red, Gertrude and Heathcliff the Sea Gulls, and innumerable others. Sat.15 and Sun.16: cute Tammy Wynette, cute Eddie Rabbit and T.G. Sheppard. Sun.16: Mexico National Day—TBA, burning of Alvaro Obregon in effigy canceled. Mon.17 and Tues.18: Nikolais Dance Theatre. Wed.19 and Thurs.20: George Benson, probably the most gifted jazz guitarist around who gave it all up just for a handful of silver, just for a riband to stick in his cloak. Fri.21: Gordon Lightfoot sings every song ever written. Sat.22: Spanish Festival. Sun.23: The Sweet Adelines Mass Sing—time TBA as is the details on whether it will be a requiem or high nuptial mass. Wed.26: the Symphony with Wynton Marsalis, Moses Hogan and Kent Jordan. Thurs.27: Neil Young and The International Harvesters courtesy of Edith McCormick. Fri.28: Loretta (then as a woman you're rated X) Lynn. Sun.30: the Charlie Daniels Band and craggy voiced Delbert McClinton.

Andrew Jaeger's, 7605 Maple St., 861-0683. Nightly save Mondays, and from 8 until midnight save Sundays (6-10), Al Farrell, formerly of The Counts, at the planner. Okay, okay, it used to be Hillary's.

Augie's Delago, West End Park. Sat.1: Silk-n-Steel. Sun.2: Silk-n-Steel and Chain Gang. Mon.3: Silk-n-Steel. Wed.5: Born Losers (there's a penological bent to the names of the bands here). Fri.7 to Sun.9: Penny Lane. Tues.11: Total Control. Wed.12 and Thurs.13: South. Fri.14 to Sun.16: The Cruisers. Tues.18: Cuisine. Wed.19 and Thurs.20: Tricks. Fri.21 through Sun.23: the Generics. Upstage: Sat.1 and Sun.2: Rare Blend. Fri.7 to Sun.9: Rare Blend. Fri.14 to Sun.16 and Fri.21 to Sun.23: Murmurs. Fri.28 to Sun.30: Rainstreet.

Beau Geste, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710. Sunday through Thurs.: Larry Janca at 8. Fridays and Saturdays: Take Five at 10.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Wed.12 through Thurs.18: Allen Toussaint, the hermit of Clematis ventures forth into what is laughingly known as Polite Society. Wed.19 through Tues.25: Rosemary Clooney, whose first great hit had lyrics by, of all people, William Saroyan; she remains a fine and quite uncategorizable singer. Wed.26 through Oct.9: Judy Collins, whose uncle Albert plays around town occasionally too. Reservations.

Bronco's, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 368-1000. Mondays and Wednesdays—Saturdays, Mississippi South.

Cajun Country, 327 Bourbon, 523-8630. Thursday through Sunday, the Gela Kaye Band at 8. Mondays through Wednesdays: Mike Casico.

Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow. Live music Saturdays.

The Cave in the Winery, Fulton at Julia, World's Fair, 569-5071. Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays: that big drink of water—that is the theme of the festival after all—John Rankin. Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays: Sixties and contemporary live music.

Columns Hotel, 3811 St. Charles, 899-9308. Wednesdays: Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band from 8 (horn charts by Nell Nolan).

Dorothy's Medallion, 3232 Orleans. Snake-dancing, examples of *adiposa dolorosa* in motion for Botero-eyed girl watchers, and Fridays and Saturdays, Johnny Adams and Walter Washington with the House Band.

Dream Palace, 534 Frenchmen. Sat.1: The Radiators ("La culture," Simone Weil told Ed Volker once before starving herself to death, "est un instrument manie par les professeurs pour fabriquer des professeurs qui, a leur tout, fabriqueront des professeurs," and ain't it the truth). Fri.7: Allison and the Distractions. Sat.8: J.D. and the Jammers. Fri. and Sat., 14 and 15: The Radiators. Fri.21: J.D. and the Jammers. Sat.22: Marcia Ball. Fri.28: Johnny J and the Hitmen. Sat.29: L'I Queenie—who inspired Corneille's moan of "amour, sur ma vertu prends un peu moins d'empire!"

1801 Club, 1801 Stumpf Blvd., 367-9670. Wednesdays through Saturdays: Janet Lynn and Ya Ya.

Ernst Cafe, 600 S. Peters, 525-8544. Saturdays and Sundays: Ronnie Bonck and the Corvettes from 11 until 3 a.m.

Fads, 1100 S. Clearview Pkwy., 734-0590. Live music Mondays, but you can do the cotton-eyed-joe almost any time here.

Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Tuesdays to Saturdays, Judy Duggan occupies the piano bench from 9 to 1. Sundays and Mondays: Pat Mitchell at the same hours, and again during the week from 5 to 7.

Fat Cats, 505 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 362-0598. Wednesdays and Sundays: Nifty Fiftys. Thursdays-Saturdays: Jimmy Simon and Groove.

544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings. CMS from 9 to 9 Fridays through Sundays and from 9 to 3 other evenings.

Pete Fountain's, In the Hilton, 523-4374. Pete Fountain and his band, at 10 nightly; one show only and reservations probably a good idea.

Gazebo Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur, 522-0862. Alfresco; ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling.

Houlihan's, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Live music of a jazz nature outside on weekdays from 9 until 2, saving Fridays.

Hen's Den, 4311 S. Claiborne, 821-1048. This used to be the Beaconette but now has the name of that ladies' shop on Carondelet. Hmmm. Reggae music Saturdays.

Ike's Place, 1701 N. Broad, 944-9337. Sundays: the Wagon Train Band.

Jed's Look Out, Federal Fibre Mills, World's Fair. Tues.4: The All Male Revue (strippers—look out, indeed!). Thurs.6: The Radiators, who will—deo gratias—be performing in the luscious altogether.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow, 866-9549. Sat.1: Woodenhead and the Hands. Tues.4: Touch. Wed.5: For Real (why not For True?). Thurs.6: The Mistreaters and The Gothics (thought that was a breed of novel, or even more ignominious, just paperbacks). Fri.7: Lenny Zenith's Boys Town, courtesy of Father Flanagan. Sat.8: The Cold. Tues.11: Channel (as opposed to blood type) O. Lemmings, Gothics (more big noise from Strawberry Hill and Fonthill Abbey and even Nor-thanger Abbey), Socials. Fri.14: Outside Children (interesting use of this idiom). Sat.15: Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera (who sound like refugees from a William Steig cartoon) and Multiple Pieces. Thurs.20: Exit 209. Fri.21: Force of Habit. Sat.22: True Faith. Fri.28: The Radiators—je prefere l'aimable au suprenant et au merveilleux, just like Fenelon that old poop.

Landmark Hotel, 541 Bourbon, 524-7615. Every night but Sunday and Monday, too: the Bobby Ellis Quartet at 10.

Le Moulin Rouge, 501 Bourbon, 524-4299. Mondays and Saturdays: A Night in Old New Orleans, with Becky Allen as the Casket Girls. In The Stage Door Lounge, Becky and Ricky and lest you be deceived that this sounds like a coffeehouse folk duo, let me quickly disabuse you of that notion because it's Becky Allen and Ricky Graham and the closest either of them ever gets to a cuppa mocha java is maybe Ella Mae Morse The Cow Cow Boogie Girl singing *Forty Cups Of Coffee*; Freddie Palmisano

has his eye on the door and his hands on the piano. They're on the graveyard shift (St. Louis I and II but not Lafayette) at 12:30 a.m. on Fridays and Saturdays. Thursday evenings, Sandy Hanson materializes in the same venue at the same hour.

Lucky Pierre's, 735 Bourbon, 524-7865. Professor Big Stuff, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday from 1 a.m. 'til (what? at that hour?). Tom Jerik McDermott on piano, call for schedule.

Mahogany Hall, John Grelaud from 3 until 8. Mondays through Thursdays, Mahogany Hall Jazz Band. Fridays and Saturdays: The Plister Sisters with the Mister Plisters (on an abba-dabba honeymoon, one has no doubt)-sparking Kipling's wisecrack: "Never praise a sister to a sister in the hope of your compliments reaching the proper ears."

Maple Leaf Bar, 8301 Oak, 866-9359. Tuesdays: Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins; Wednesdays: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Thursdays: Bruce Daigrepont and Bourne. Sundays: the Wabash Company (sans cannonballs). Sat. 1: The Killer Bees. Fri. 7: Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets, and the Catherine Wheels and the Bengal Lights and the Roman Candles. Sat. 8: The Radiators. Fri. 14: Lenny Zenith and Pop Combo—as Oscar Wilde said of Bernard Shaw, "he has not an enemy in the world and none of his friends like him." Sat. 15: Rockin' Dopsie and the Cajun Twisters. Fri. 21: Marcia Ball. Sat. 22: Beausoleil. Fri. 28: Exuma. Sat. 29: The Radiators—"Don't talk about yourself; it will be done when you leave."—Addison Mizner, and that man was responsible for the Florida Boom!

Munster's Dance Hall and Bar, 627 Lyons, 899-9109. Sat. 4: Desiree. Sat. 11: Southern Exposure. Call for the balance of dates.

New Storyville Club, 1100 Decatur St., 525-8199. Mon. Teddy Riley and the Jazz Masters. Tues: Placide Adams. Original Dixieland Hall Jazz Band. Wed.: Chris Burke and his New Orleans Music from 8-12; the James Rivers Movement (most recently heard on the soundtrack of the Clint Eastwood sexploitation pic, *Tightass* and the best thing about it, too) from 12 'til Thurs.: The Camellia Jazz Band from 8-12; James Rivers from 12. Fri.: Placide Adams until midnight, followed by Luther Kent. Saturday: Gospel Express with Lady BJ from 1-5, the Camellia Jazz Band from 8-12, and Luther Kent and Trick Bag 84 into the small hours. Sundays: the Gospel Express from 1 to 5, then Chris Burke from 8 to 12 and Luther Kent and Trick Bag 84 from midnight until...

Nemo's, 2001 Lake Shore Dr., Mandeville, 626-8273. Heavy Metal (just like that building across from MOMA on West 53rd in N.Y.): call for info.

Nexus, 6200 Elysian Fields, 288-3440. Fridays: Germaine Bazzle, 6-9. Saturdays: LaVerne Butler and David Torkanowsky, 10-2. Sundays: Charlotte Butler at 8.

Old Absinthe House, 400 Bourbon. Wednesdays through Sundays, Bryan Lee and the Jumpstreet Five. Mondays and Tuesdays, and also Saturday and Sunday afternoons: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers.

Old Opera House, 601 Bourbon, 522-3265. Sundays-Fridays from 4:45-8:30, Kathy Lucas and the Loose Band. Mondays-Wednesdays, Chocolate Milk. Thursdays-Sundays, E.L.S.

Penny Post, 5110 Danneel. Sundays, always open mike. Check the board as you go in.

Pete's Pub, Hotel Inter-Continental, 525-5566. Every day except Sunday, A.J. Loria from 4.

Pontchartrain Hotel, Bayou Bar, 2031 St. Charles Ave., 524-0581. Bruce Versen from 5 until 9, during the week, save Saturdays and Sundays. Michael Neal takes over post-cocktail and post-prandial keyboard duties and plays as late as 1 a.m. on Saturdays.

Preservation Hall, 726 St. Peter, 523-8939. Along with Galatoire's and K-Paul's, one of the three places in town that

consistently draws a long and deserved line outside; the only amenities are the musical ones. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Sheik Colar. Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.

Privateers, 6207 Franklin Ave., 282-0501. Call for dates.

R.S.V.P., 1700 Louisiana Ave., 891-RSVP. Saturdays: Lady BJ and George French. Tuesdays: Lady BJ and Ellis Marsalis. Thursdays and Fridays: First Class.

Reunion Hall, at the World's Fair, 569-5108. Call for dates.

Ryan's 500 Club, 441 Bourbon, 525-7269. Nightly: Celtic Folk Singers. Sundays at 3: Ceili Tynan Irish Stepdancers. Seaport Cafe and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 568-0981. Wednesdays through Saturdays from 9 to 1 a.m., Sundays 2 to 6, Sally Townes. Call for Sunday night and Monday listings.

711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Randy Hebert. Thursdays through Mondays, Al Broussard.

Shella's Pub, Fulton Street Mall, at the World's Fair, 569-5025. Mondays: The Sheiks. Tuesdays: The Newsboys. Wednesdays: The Nevilles.

Club Silver Dollar, 1254 N. Claiborne, 822-5226. Call for listings.

Slidell Hotel Bar, Slidell, 643-7020. Sat. 1: Automatic. Sun. 2: TBA (Tennessee Bally Authority?). Wed. 5, Fri. 7 to Sun. 9: Trace. Mon. 10: Ladies Only! A Delight Show. Wed. 12: TBA. Fri. 14 and Sat. 15: The Top Cats. Sun. 16: Trace. Wed. 19, Fri. 21, Sat. 22: The Sheiks. Sun. 23, Wed. 26: Trace. Fri. 28 and Sat. 29: Scruples. Sun. 30: Trace.

Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Sat. 1: James Black at the skins and pelts. Sun. 2: The New Orleans Jazz Couriers direct from NOCCA. Mon. 3: Walter Washington with Johnny Adams (author of some of *The Federalist Papers*). Thurs. 6: Ferd Snooks Eaglin. Fri. 7: The Chuck Easterling Quintet. Sat. 8: Contortions and commotions from the Sounds of Brazil. Sun. 9: Leigh Harris and Amasa Miller ni trop haut ni trop bas as Mr. Ronsard used to put it. Mon. 10: The Vanilla Wafers (without their girl backups, the Creme Sandwiches). Thurs. 13: Ironing Board Sam. Fri. 14: Mississippi Home Movies. Sat. 15: Lady BJ. Sun. 16: Refugees including Ramsey McLean, Roger Lewis, Herlin Riley, some of the Dirty Dozen and a few *Marielitos* that wander over from Mandeville Street. Mon. 17: John Mooney's Bluesiana Band. Thurs. 20: Snooks Eaglin. Fri. 21: Lady BJ with Ellis Marsalis. Sat. 22: The Diane Lyle-Marcel Richardson Quartet. Sun. 23: Carl LeBlanc's Nature. Mon. 24: Renegades. Thurs. 27: Ironing Board Sam, the Professor Marvel of local R&B. Fri. 28: Ramsey McLean's Survivors featuring Charmaine Neville. Sat. 29: Lady BJ again accompanied by Ellis Marsalis at the clavier. Sun. 30: Raphael Cruz.

Sugar House Hotel, 315 Julia St., 525-1993. Fridays and Saturdays, 9-1 a.m.: Jeff Boudreaux, Jim Singleton and James Drew.

Toulouse Lautrec, 514 Toulouse, 529-1278. Tuesdays through Saturdays, when he is not bringing beams of sunshine to shut-ins and convalescents coast to coast, the home of the Frankie (Oooh-Whee, Oooh-Whee, Baby) Ford Show. Call for information.

Tyler's, 5234 Magazine, 891-4989. Modern jazz, good raw oysters. Sundays: the Harry Connick Band. Mondays: Ellis Marsalis and Steve Masakowski. Tuesdays: Leslie Smith and Co. Wednesdays: The Red Tyler Combo. Thursdays: Germaine Bazzle. Fridays and Saturdays: The James Rivers Movement.

The Veranda, in the Intercontinental Hotel, 525-5566. Mondays through Fridays, LeRoy Jones from 7 to 10.

Weasoy's, 1610 Belle Chasse Hwy., 361-7902. Tuesdays-Saturdays: Firewater, until 1 a.m. during the week and as late as 2:30 a.m. on the weekends, when the Le Blanc Brothers follow with a jam session going on until 7 a.m.. Sunday and Monday: the Luzianne Band.

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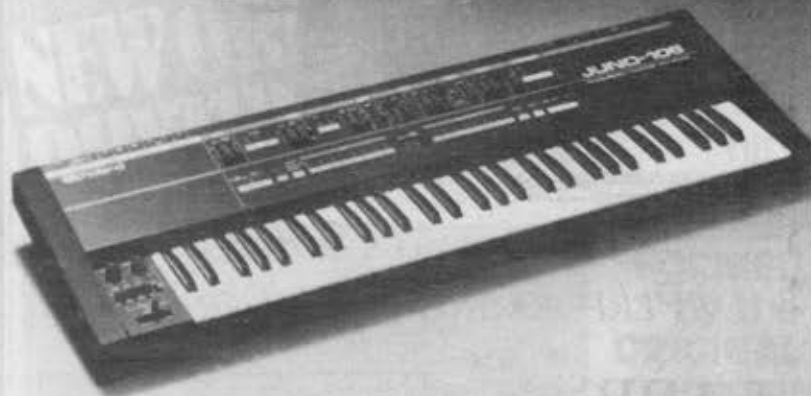
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CHARLES WOOLF

'Biloxi Pot,' **GEORGE FEBRES'** bisque clay homage to Gulf Coast potter/eccentric George Ohr, is included in a group show of Galerie Jules Laforgue artists September 29 through October 17 at the New Orleans Academy of Fine Arts.

ART

Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 3814 Magazine, 891-4665. Through Sept. 22: *Design In New Orleans* including furniture and products intended for "home use" (sounds recondite, Sam!) created by area architects. From Sept. 29: Gail Morgan and Sarah Jumel.

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Through September: teachers—Darryl Brown, Auseklis Ozols, Dell Weller, David Noll, Evelyn Menge. The Academy's classes begin under the tutelage of these visual pedagogues on Sept. 10.

Arthur Roger, 3005 Magazine, 895-5287. Through Sept. 20: sculptures and drawings by Wellington Reiter. From Sept. 29: new work by Oliver Jackson.

Blenville Gallery, 1800 Hastings Place, 523-5889. Call the gallery for information.

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. A variety of events on the fun agenda here: Sept. 11: first organizational meeting for the '85 Clones pageant. Sept. 15: Open casting call city-wide. Sept. 19 through 29: *A Vision of A World Beyond Vision*. Sept. 29 through Oct. 28: the Art for Art's Sake exhibition, which always—yes again—brings to mind D.H. Lawrence's remark, "I always say, art for my sake."

Galerie Simonne Stern, 518 Julia, 529-1118. Sept. 17: Nina Dunbar. Sept. 29 through Oct. 10: sculpture and drawings by Peter Lobello.

A Gallery For Fine Photography, 5432 Magazine, 891-1002. Through Sept. 7: Annie Leibowitz's portraits, ranging in subject from Rodney Dangerfield to Paloma Picasso to Carl Lewis. Through Nov. 11: *Old New Orleans 1884-1935*, photos and souvenirs from the Cotton Centennial Exposition, etc. Sept. 15 through Nov. 7: *The Red Couch* by Kevin Clark.

Gasper Folk Art Gallery, 831 St. Peter St., 524-9373. Call for information.

Historic New Orleans Collection, 517-525 Tchoupitoulas St. Through Nov. 18: *The Waters of America: 19th Century Paintings of Rivers, Streams, Lakes and Waterfalls*, a mammoth exhibition of some of the finest American art of the period ranging from the vistas of Asher B. Durand and the genre scenes of George Caleb Bingham through the realistic approach of Eakins and the fantasias of Frederic Edwin Church, and the ineffable (and well-represented here) Albert Bierstadt whose recollected-in-tranquility scenes of Far West natural wonders were done by and large in his studio in Brooklyn; the local paintings in this show are both perfectly delightful and still, yes, even now, perfectly recognizable as to locale.

Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. Through Nov. 18: *A Century of Vision*, a show of Louisiana photographs taken between the two fairs, including works by Pops Whitesell, Frances Johnston, Mugnier, et alia up to the present. Through November: *The Sun King*, an historical extravaganza from *la belle France* saluting the man who revoked the Edict of Nantes and inspired Saint Simon's Memoirs, including documents, paintings, objects, and decorative arts, furniture, sculpture, etc. from *le grand Siecle*, and including two sumptuous Poussins (hung poorly), a wonderful Philippe de Champaigne portrait of the Abbess of Port-Royal, some works by Bourdon and Vouet, a curious enormous pencil map on brown paper of Paris at the time, a portrait of the weaselly-looking Comte de Pontchartrain, Louis' cheque for his wife's gambling debts, a Jesuit map of the Mississippi with funny little bison drawn on the margins wherever they were spotted, and much more. At the Old Mint: *Life on the Mississippi*, a sampling of the museum's work dealing with that big bit of water to your left, and not drawn by itinerant Jesuits, either.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3908 Magazine, 895-8731. Call for information.

Newcomb College Art Gallery, Tulane, 865-5327. Through Sept. 13: *American Drawings IV*, contemporary works. Sept. 16 through Oct. 11: *Modernism/A Decade of Progress 1930-1940*, a study of Louisiana architecture.

New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Through Nov. 18: *Circles of the World: Traditional Art of the Plains Indians*; through Sept. 9: *Turning Point: The Harlem Renaissance from Traditional to Ethnic Expressions*—this may be interesting to see as the Harlem Renaissance (a bright spot in the history of a middle-class 19th Century Jewish neighborhood gone wrong) was largely, except for the somewhat overrated (artistically) photographs of James Van Der Zee and the white Carl Van Vechten (who had his own reasons for hanging out there), a literary and musical phenomenon, and also, largely, a creation of newspaper columnists and thrill-seeking socialites; the Metropolitan Museum of Art ran afoul of just this almost 20 years ago when they mounted their *Harlem On My Mind*—a better title, you must admit—and took it from all sides at once; *Contemporary Louisiana Art*.

Posselt-Baker Gallery, 631 Toulouse, 524-7242. Call for information.

Tahir Gallery, 823 Chartres, 525-3095. Through September, *Recent Acquisitions—Original Prints by American Masters*, of which a recent illustration was

one of those wonderful 'scandalous' Cadmus prints of sailors and doxies that drove the Navy wild in the Thirties.

Tilden-Foley, 4119 Magazine, 897-5300. From Sept. 29: *The Rites of Passage* by Martin Delabano.

CINEMA

Hellenic Arts Society, a series of films from Greek tragedies. Fri. 14: *Phaedra*, Jules Dassin's ludicrous 1962 version of this famous semi-incestuous tragedy ("Euripides...Racine...Dassin...whither Western culture? And a double whither?" wondered Dwight Macdonald when the film appeared) has, as its eternal none-too-isosceles triangle, Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone as Theseus (here a shipping magnate in the Niarchos-Onassis vein) and Anthony Perkins (!!) as Hippolytus. When we were all suffering high school adolescents (it was hard growing up in a town without a Porky's or Jacqueline Bisset around let me tell you), we thought it was great when Mercouri put on her sleeping mask and overdressed because she laid her stepson and when Perkins listened to Bach and crashed his Aston Martin over a cliff. As Joseph de Maistre, a minor French wit, put it, "Those were the good old days—I was so unhappy then!" By admission; shown in the Executive Board Room Suite 2900 of the ITM Building.

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3196. Schedule not yet in our hot little hands, but sure to be worth fussing over; call Loyola for information. Copies of same should be available by now on Bobet Hall's third floor.

New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Films about Plains Indians: Sun. 9: *Catlin and the Indians*, about the 18th Century gentleman painter and writer who found out more about Indians than any other white man had up to that point. Sun. 23: *The Great Plains Experience—The Lakota: One Nation on the Plains; The American: Chief Crazy Horse*. At 3; free with Museum admission.

Prytania, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. Through Sept. 6: *Backstage At The Kirov*, directed by Derek Hart, deals documentary-fashion with the two-centuries-old ballet school in Leningrad and incorporates much of the second act of *Swan Lake*. Fri. 7 and Sat. 8: *A Clockwork Orange*, Stanley Kubrick's overblown (to put it kindly) rhapsody on the novel of futuristic thuggery and aversion therapy by Anthony Burgess (who deserves to be more widely read, but not canonization in this manner), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, Miriam Karlin as the cat lady, David Prowse as Magee's musclemann, and *Blade Runner*, Ridley Scott's unrelentingly pictorial private-dick-of-the-21st-century film, with startlingly overdesigned sets and tedious neo-Raymond Chandler narration by Harrison Ford: the future is presented as a *disco-dia concours* of crime, choked streets, sushi bars and hovercraft. Fri. 28 through Oct. 4: *Rope*, this 1948 film (based very tightly on a play by Patrick Hamilton which is in turn based very loosely on the Loeb

and Leopold homosexual thrill murder of Bobby Franks) is the last of the "unseen" Hitchcocks; done all in one set in ten minute takes, and all seeming to be—through the miracle of the Movieola—to be one continuous take; with Farley Granger and John Dall as the college-killers, James Stewart as the proto-Nietzschean professor whose teaching spurs them on to crime, Constance Collier, etc. Hitchcock appears through the window in profile on a neon sign; the film sparked the famous—to me—comment from Jean Renoir, "They're supposed to be homosexuals and they never even kiss one another!"

Tulane, 865-5714. Wed. 5 at 8, *Hands That Picked Cotton—The Story of Black Politics in Today's Rural South*. Call Tulane for place of screening and to see whether they'll be giving out complimentary bottles of Corn Husker's Lotion at the door.

THEATRE

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Sept. 15: General New Orleans Area acting auditions, which sounds like a three-parish casting call and again brings to mind that current Clint Eastwood peek-ture, in which so many local performers are croaked: to wit, or half-wit, Stuart Baker-Bergen tries to put the moves on Clint and ends up hanging from a beam in Blaine Kern's float den (or "that old warehouse" as they keep referring to it) and Margie O'Dair babysits Clint's kids and ends up snuffed in a Maytag, or was it a Speed Queen?

Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter, 522-2081. *Split Ends*, a musical comedy by Buddy Sheffield, performed Tuesday through Saturday at 8; late night comedy workshop, Cheap Theatrical, performs twice nightly the same nights beginning at 10:30. **Theatre Marigny**, 616 Frenchmen, 944-2653. From Thurs. 20: *Last Summer At Blue Fish Cove*, a one-act drama by Jame Chambers (not a chamber drama by Jane OneAct).

Minacapeilli's Dinner Theatre, 7901 S. Claiborne, 888-7000. Through Sept. 13: *Any Wednesday*, about a kept woman who wakes up to the fact that life is indeed for the living. From Fri. 14: *The Cactus Flower*, which is about a dentist who wakes up to same.

Players Dinner Theatre, 1221 Airline Highway, 835-9057. Through Sun. 16: *Fiddler on the Roof*. Fri. 21 through Oct. 14: *The Mikado*, which of course treats of zany doings in old Nippon, involving a wandering minstrel, an overly genteel lord high executioner, three little maids from school, a rapacious spinster, various foolish dignitaries and the emperor of the title.

Rose Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert St., Gretna, 367-5400. Through Sun. 23: *Move Over, Mrs. Markham*, with a title like that either a farce or a session of group therapy. From Fri. 28: *I Do! I Do!* a musical version of Jan de Hartog's play *The Four-Poster* which traces fourteen or fifteen decades in the life of your usual Darby and Joan by what transpires in their old brass mare's nest.



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NEW FROM BANDY

Celestin's Dixieland Band, replacing his talented cousin, Jeanette Kimball, on piano. "Papa Celestin had the most popular band in New Orleans. His band was even a member of the white union, and no other black band did that until the unions merged in the Seventies. We mostly played on Bourbon Street at the Paddock Lounge. Once we went over to Texas and I was supposed to go to Germany to play for Eisenhower. But Jeanette asked for her job back, and I let her have it because it was hers to start out with. I got a job playin' with Andrew Anderson playin' down in Grand Isle, Louisiana at a resort."

Despite his aversion to recording, Tuts was often sought out by other New Orleans pianists for "tips," and served as an inspiration for most of the city's renowned pianists. "A lot of these Johnny-come-lately piano players came to hear me. I remember Fats Domino when he was just

a li'l ole fat boy. I had a job down at the Club Desire with Smiley and he come around beggin' me to play 'The Honeydripper.' But Fats can't play nothin' but that 6/8 time. He got lucky and came along with that 'Blueberry Hill' in these teenaged times. He needed that band behind him to sound good.

"I used to go over to James Booker's house when he was a boy. His grandmother was a personal friend of mine. We used to drink together. He was like Fess, he would sneak in the joints and listen to me play. He was a pretty good little piano player, I have to give him that, he was one of the only guys that was good enough to play on Bourbon Street. But that dope brought him down. I saw him when he come out of the penitentiary with a patch over his eye. he saw me on Bourbon Street and he gave me a big hug. I said, 'Where you been, James?' He said, 'Over the hill, Pops.' It's too bad

he got mixed up in that dope."

Throughout the latter half of the Seventies, Tuts played with his old friend Thomas Jefferson at the Maison Bourbon and occasionally played house parties for New Orleans' more well-to-dos. In 1979, he participated in *Piano Players Rarely Ever Play Together*, a documentary film produced by Stevenson Palfi, which also featured Professor Longhair and Allen Toussaint. "It was to show three generations of piano players," explains Tuts. "By me being the oldest, the other ones learned from me. I'm the one that sold that picture. Now I told you about Fess, I knew about Allen when he lived back in Gert Town and learned offa Ernest Penn. Allen got his name from writin' music for other people."

In 1980, Tuts began a two-year engagement at the Bayou Room, an elegant lounge inside the Pontchartrain Hotel on St. Charles Avenue. At the time, this observer wrote:

"He plays the piano three nights a week, from Thursday to Saturday, for the cocktail crowd in the Pontchartrain Hotel's Bayou Bar. The majority of his audience consists of affluent New Orleansians, with a smattering of conventioners sporting plastic lapel cards, waiting to dine in the St. Charles Avenue hotel's elegant dining room.

"The Steinway baby grand is scarred from the endless splash of drinks and burning cigarettes. Tuts Washington sits behind its keyboard letting the standards flow, and the requests pour in all night long. 'How High The Moon,' 'Canadian Sunset,' 'Sentimental Journey,' 'Hello Dolly.' Tuts is never at a loss for crowd pleasers in the Bayou Bar.

"Occasionally he will tap his Storyville roots and launch into a blistering boogie woogie that will recall the pioneers of boogie woogie piano from the 1920's, Jimmy 'Papa' Yancey and Pinetop Smith. The years roll away as Tuts' hands fly over the piano keys, seemingly faster than a man of 74 years of age should be able to play.

"Just about this time, conversation at the bar and the crowded tables ceases. Attention focuses on the little man with the odd tuft of hair (a coif which in Storyville times would have identified him as a house pianist). He finishes with a flourish of stride and polite applause. He reaches for his polished ivory cigarette holder and calmly lights another Kool. Finally a smile creases his face and he proclaims as always, 'Thank you, music lovers!'

"Couples return to their conversations as Tuts returns to his steady stream of standards. Everybody drinks up, some leave a tip at the piano, but all leave with a smile. That's the earmark of a successful player's evening. A good piano player brings it all together."

In March of 1983, at the age of 76, Tuts finally made his first solo recordings, which resulted in the *New Orleans Piano Professor* album that was issued on the Rounder label. Tuts finally consented to recording after Rounder complied with the stringent specifications laid down by the New Orleans Musicians Union. During the two days of recording, Tuts surprisingly reacted like a studio veteran, putting down more than twenty completed piano solos and one vocal, the risqué "Papa Yellow's Blues."

"I'm glad I finally made one," says Tuts. "I'm proud of it. Everybody that heard it said they liked it, white folks and colored. I even sold some in my neighborhood and the people said that they enjoyed it. See, I mixed it up, I'm versatile, I didn't just put the blues on there, I mixed in some of them standard numbers.

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MAJOR CREDIT
CARDS ACCEPTED

These are especially peculiar times. In New Orleans, we are experiencing the bleakest musical period since the Beatles single-handedly destroyed the Crescent City's recording industry in 1964.

Elsewhere in the world, however, New Orleans (and/or New Orleans music, food and culture) seems to be the hottest thing since Nutra-Sweet or tasseled loafers (two very "In" items, according to Playboy's annual "Back To Campus Guide").

For example, there's the Ritz Cafe in Santa Monica, California, where surfers and starlets dine on Appalachian Oysters, Cajun Blackfish, Snapper with Louisiana Pecan Sauce, Andouille Sausage and Dirty Rice, Freshwater Crawfish and numerous other culinary items inspired by the Bayou State. New Orleans Bread Pudding with Bourbon Sauce is even on the menu and if health-conscious Californians, previously devoted to sprouts and tofu, are now eating day-old French bread marinated in alcohol, the End of the World is surely near.

Further Evidence: Guess who entertained the Olympians after the Olympics? That's right—the Neville Brothers, direct from Valence Street (and sharing the bill with James Brown, direct from his recent recording sessions in Africa, and Jack Mack and the Heart Attack, direct from the operating room).

Meanwhile, on the opposite coast, Village Voice writer Jeff Nesin was positively blown-away by the Nevilles' live Neville-ization disc on the Black Top label. In a lengthy analysis, Nesin concluded: "The record shimmies through 40 years of American music without a single moldy-fig moment, rearranging at will and investing both old and new tunes with interpretive dimensions that, after a month's careful listening, continue to astonish."

And then over in Merrie Olde England, Elvis Costello has negotiated with Black Top head Hammond Scott to release Neville-ization on his own Demon label.

Sonnet For Steam Callopie

I don't want to drive over any more future bridges. Exeunt fantods. While the moon like a coughdrop evanesces I'll fall to my knees and get a look at the floor of heaven, your panties. Oh I've read before the uncrowned heads of Carrollton. They all went right to sleep. What a relief! I still get cards of thanks. Oh darling, are you sure you're not impressed? What if I got some dope? I know lots of hip types! What if I hired the Natchez? Audubon Park? Woody Herman? What if you woke up one morning and heard the Liebestod on the steam callopie, backwards, in Latin? Would you love me then?

—Everette Maddox

Scott spent the last part of August in Dallas recording Jackson's Sam Myers (a former Elmore James accompanist) with "Brother" Anson Funderburgh on the slightly-dented gold Stratocaster.

Yet another Englishman of good taste, ex-Squeeze keyboardist Jools Holland, has released what is essentially a homage to Louisiana music, entitled *Jools Holland Meets Rock-A-Boogie Billy*. Seen by MTV's viewers this summer during his stint as a guest VJ, Holland delivers at least two tributes to Professor Longhair on the album: "Black Beauty," which mixes Fess-style piano with ska horn charts; and "Tipitina Tree," which—sorry, Jules—makes us cringe. First of all, Professor Longhair's "Tipitina" was more or less nonsensical. Holland's version, rooted in—gasp!—country-westernisms, is about a tree in Ohio. Apparently, Englishfolk, cursed with the worst climate and food on the planet, think that Ohio is exotic.

If Ohio's exotic, imagine what the limeys must think about Terpsichore Street, where Fess bought a house for his wife (Mrs. Alice Byrd) and family shortly before his death in 1980. To President Reagan's rhetorical query "Are You Better Off Now Than You Were Four Years Ago?" Mrs. Byrd would have to say, "No." The lady can't meet her mortgage payments so a group of musical friends and students of her late husband (including Dave

Bartholomew, Allen Toussaint and Dr. John) will stage a benefit concert for the Byrd family on September 28 at the Saenger. Proceeds from this concert will be used to retire the mortgage and tickets are available at all Ticketmaster outlets. And please—no jokes about this being the 87th Professor Longhair benefit. Any man who could play piano like Henry Roeland Byrd deserves our eternal gratitude.

Lenny Zenith, the original gender-bender (long before Boy George or Annie Lennox), has renamed Pop Combo, now calling the ensemble Boys Town, which we must admit is pretty funny. If only they can secure a slot opening for Girlschool... Boys Town's latest recruit is Ray Ganucheau.

The Tribe, whose logo you've no doubt seen stencilled about our town, is New Orleans' only Gothic-punk band (Bela Lugosi meets Black Flag, we imagine). A full report on the tribal ones was planned for this month's issue but somebody delivered the story and art to the wrong address and now we're afraid that one of our elderly neighbors might've received the dispatch by mistake and that's why that ambulance was parked down the street the other day.

An unknown fan joined Steve Wynn of the Dream Syndicate onstage for an impromptu duet during the band's August recital at Jimmy's and actually knew all the words to the song! New bassist Mark Walton celebrated his

birthday the same evening and the Syndicate's choice of cover material reflected the group's Hollywood roots: they played "Ghostbusters."

Remember that Wolf Brand Chili commercial with the crusty voice asking, "How long has it been since you've had a bowl of Wolf Brand Chili?" The refort, of course, was "Well, that's too long." Our next question: how long have the Sheiks been together? That's right—14 years! These St. Louis pupils of Chuck Berry celebrated their rock 'n' roll birthday on August 11 at Jimmy's with handsome Dino Kruse, who's sold Stratocasters to Jeff Beck and Joe Walsh, as the opening attraction. "If you sit at home for this one," read the invitation to the gala, "you could end up like Miss America!!"

Roll over, Joan Collins: local writer Jerry Ellis has scripted a TV pilot set at Joey K's Restaurant on Magazine Street. Entitled "Tom's Coffee Dog," Ellis says it's about "having fun. Reaching up your sleeve and finding more than an elbow. The script idea jumped into my lap one morning about a month ago while I was in Joey K's paying my respects to the coffee bean pickers high in the Andes. I was on my fourth cup of caffeine when Tom, the cashier, set a ceramic dog on the counter. Customers gathered around the pretty little clay-baked mutt and were within a hair of talking to it and trying to get it to do tricks. In the pilot, I bring New Orleans' famous Bead Lady into the scene and well, let's just say that the 'magic bead' that Tom buys for the dog does, indeed, have a little of that old Frosty the Snowman magic."

Whether or not the nation's televising homes will one future season be exposed to life as it's lived on the Street of Dreams remains to be seen and/or sold. Explains Ellis: "It stands about as much of a chance getting off the launchpad—here in New Orleans—as a Cadillac turned upright with six bottle-rockets tied to it."

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SEPTEMBER

REGULAR FEATURES

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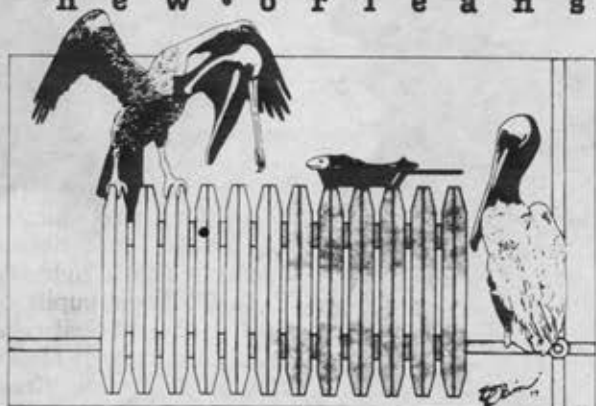
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